



CANADIAN POEMS

OF THE GREAT WAR

.....
CHOSEN AND EDITED
BY
JOHN W. GARVIN



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Canadian Poems

OF THE

Great War

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

John W. Garvin

Editor-Author of 'Canadian Poets.'

Editor of 'The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford.'



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Editor's Foreword

GREAT poets are the seers and prophets of a nation—of the world. Their function is to interpret life and nature in terms of beauty and passion, and through imagination and inspiration, reveal the Infinite and the True.

All writers of good verse cannot be great poets, and it is only the works of the latter that permanently endure; but those of minor qualities reflect and influence their own generation, and have an important mission in the evolution of national life.

In proportion as the individual or the nation despises or neglects poetry, there exists a state of moral and spiritual degeneracy. Materialism prevails, and loyal service and generous sacrifice give place to selfishness and unfair advantage. The memories of the young should be stored with beautiful and noble verse.

The centuries seem to mark distinct eras in the development and fashion of poetry. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and later, Tennyson, were the dominating leaders of the remarkable school of English poets of the 19th century; and their standards are still potent. Browning cannot be classed with this school. He belongs to the 20th century. And today, Browning, Whitman and Kipling overshadow all others as leaders of poetic thought and expression.

More and more are the poets realizing that the quality of beauty is universal; and hence that there is nothing in this subjective-objective world, outside the pale of artistic expression. More and more are they seeking themes of intense human interest, and striving for climaxes of spiritual beauty.

To me, the spirit and content of an inspired poem is potential form; and in its natural verbal expression, of necessity organic. The inspiration shapes and perfects the form. This is why I regard the actual form as only, at most, equal in importance to what is expressed.

The old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is an absurdity. Universal life is ever evolving or becoming, and new phases are constantly appearing. To detect and reveal these in original and artistic forms is the work of genius. Generally speaking, the world of art is the world of concepts, emotions and actions, illumined by the imagination.

This volume contains most of the Canadian poems of the Great War, which are worth preserving. They are two hundred and twenty in number, representing seventy-three poets. As the poetic expression of a young nation, involved for the first time in a life and death struggle, it is unique, and has psychological and historic value.

For valuable suggestions received the Editor's thanks are particularly due to R. H. Hathaway and M. O. Hammond, of Toronto; to Dr. J. D. Logan, of Halifax; to Alfred Buckley, M.A., of Ottawa; and to A. M. Pound, notary public, of Vancouver.

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John W. Garvin

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THE ROSE OF A NATION'S THANKS

A WELCOME? Oh, yes, 'tis a kindly word, but why will
they plan and prate
Of feasting and speeches and such small things, while the
wives and mothers wait?
Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the hunger
and thirst
In the hearts that wait; and do as ye will, but lend us our
laddies first.
Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads
in the gallant ranks
Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!

A welcome? Why, what do you mean by that, when the
very stones must sing
As our men march over them home again; the walls of
the city ring
With the thunder of throats and the tramp and tread of
feet that rush and run?—
I think in my heart that the very trees must shout for the
bold work done!
Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads
in the gallant ranks
Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!

A Welcome? There is not a babe at the breast won't
spring at the roll of the drum
That heralds them home—the keen, long cry in the air of
'They Come! They Come!'
And what of it all if ye bade them wade knee-deep in a
wave of wine,

*And tossed tall torches, and arched the town in garlands
of maple and pine?
All dust in the wind of a woman's cry as she snatches
from the ranks
Her boy who bears on his bold young breast the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!*

*A welcome? There's a doubt if the lads would stand like
stone in their steady line
When a babe held high on a dear wife's hands, or the stars
that swim and shine
In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile, flashed far in
the welded crowd,
Or a father's proud voice, half-sob and half-cheer, cried
on a son aloud.
O the billows of waiting hearts that swelled would sweep
from the martial ranks
The gallant boys who bear on their breasts the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!*

*A welcome? O Joy, can they stay your feet, or measure
the wine of your bliss?
O Joy, let them have you alone to-day—a day with a pulse
like this!
A welcome? Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel that
laps the sword—
But Joy has the wing of a wild white swan, and the song
of a free wild bird!
She must beat the air with her wing at will, at will must
her song be driven
From her heaving heart and tremulous throat through the
awful arch of heaven.
And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst
from the shouting ranks
But bears like a star on his faded coat the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!*

—ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Marion Anning

Mrs Norman Anning of Chilliwack, B.C., an elder sister of Miss Eloise Street (q.v.). Her husband is serving in France with the 7th Railway Battalion.

THE LUMINOUS MAID

SPRING stood on the edge of the dreadful fields
To scatter her flowers.
Roared War and Death, in ribald mirth,
‘This plain is ours!’
In a horror of mud and blood, they cast
The luminous maid;
But up she sprang, in her smirched gown,
Defiant and unafraid.
‘Stark War,’ she cried, ‘and hateful Death,
List’ well to my words!
For every pellet of lead, I will loose
A thousand singing birds;
For every shell that scars my earth,
A thousand flowers will sow;
And on each piteous shattered tree,
New shoots and leaves shall grow.
Yea, every drop of valiant blood
Your rage has drawn
Shall rise from the ground and mock at you,
Ere I pass on!
Then War and Death, amazed and shuddering,
Saw upon the ground,
Quivering and red, the poppies lie,
Like pools of blood around;
And heard this chant, ‘O Death, where is thy sting?
Thou canst not kill.
That symbol of the risen Christ,
The Spring!’

W. J. Armitage

The Venerable William James Armitage, M.A., Ph.D., Rector and Archdeacon of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Born at Bryanston, Ontario, February 6th, 1860. Educated at University College, Wycliffe College, Toronto, and at Dalhousie University, Halifax. Author of 'The Fruit of the Spirit,' 'The Cities of Refuge,' etc.

JOFFRE

JOFFRE! hero of the hour, and of the age,
Thy fame secure shall stand while time shall last:
Stalwart and strong, courageous, bold and true,
Thy story lives enshrined on history's page,
And outshines valorous leaders of earth's past,
A record, cloudless, clean as heaven's blue:
Soul of all France! thy spirit great and free
For freedom fights—yea, for a world's liberty!

PRISONERS OF HOPE

INTO your stronghold turn, God is your refuge sure;
Fear not the foe; his cruel hate, his ruthless wrong
Thy true life cannot touch; in God it rests secure;
Wait, with long patience wait, His time will come ere
 long:
 In prison drear, hope's star shall brightly burn,
 Brave heart and leal unto your stronghold turn.
The lights grow dim and wan as earth's grim shadows
 fall,
Hearts falter too and fail, as hunger stalks along,
And life's great clamant needs yet still more loudly call;
Soul still hope on and on, yea in thy faith be strong:
 In anchorage of God, hope holds, holds still,
 Thy life in stature grows, in His wise will.
Unto your stronghold turn, for God's time draweth nigh:
Deliverance is His, tired heart, and desolate,
He knoweth all thy need, He hears thy weary sigh,
Trust Him alone, trust on, rest in His love and wait:
 Turn prisoner of hope, unto your stronghold turn,
 Let hope's star shine afar and ever brightly burn.

Gertrude Bartlett

*Mrs John W. C. Taylor of Montreal. An American by birth.
Came to Canada in her teens, and married in 1891.*

THE BLESSED DEAD

GATHER thy dead, O England, to thy breast!
Wide are they strewn, the countless slain, that lie
Beneath grey seas and battle-riven sky:
Upon their eyes effacing earth is pressed,
Or waves are swept to foam, and curlews cry
Above the soundless chambers of their rest.
Yet know, bereaved Mother, 'mid thy tears,
How they survive, who gave their golden years!

Thine unseen warders they, the valiant dead,
Defending still thy walls against the foe:
To dim frontiers, untried of wings, they go
And battles wage where never ranks are led.
The while through them unspoiled thy roses blow,
For thee unstained the hawthorne's snow is spread,
Through their mute lips the soaring skylark sings—
Their still hands keep for thee all lovely things!

O Mother England, beautiful are they,
Beyond all ills of changing time, thy slain!
And thou, in beauty more than earth's, again
Shall pass serene upon the destined way,
Through these, thy sons, who rendered not in vain
Their fire unquenched to light the nearing Day—
The Blessed Dead, removed to God's command,
A star-like host, to guard His chosen land!

THE GUNNERS

WHO may the victors be, not yet we know ;
Our care, all sights set true, the shell in place,
The flame outleaping, sending death apace
To check the rush of the oncoming foe.
And then, as sounds of thund'rous hoof-beats grow,
With grind of burdened limber wheels at race,
We hear a shriek the air brings nigh, and face
Our instant doom. Then tumults cease ; and lo !—

The shining dead men, rank on rank, appear,
Their voices raised in one great cry, to hail
The gunners prone, for whom reveille clear
Their silver bugles blow in morning pale.
Your battle, God ! to make men great ; and here,
In that cause, dead, unvanquished, we prevail.

Grace Blackburn

Miss Blackburn is the fifth daughter of the late Josiah Blackburn, for nearly forty years proprietor and editor of the 'Free Press,' London, Ontario. She was born in London and educated in the Public and High Schools of her native city, and later in Hellmuth College. She is literary and dramatic critic of the 'Free Press.'

EPIC OF THE YSER

DEAD with his face to the foe!
From Hastings to Yser
Our men have died so.
The lad is a hero—
Great Canada's pride:
We sent him with glory,
For glory he died—
So ring out the church-bells! Float the flag high!
.
Then I heard at my elbow a fierce mother-cry.
.
On the desolate plain
Where the dark Yser flows
They'll bury him, maybe,
Our Child of the Snows:
The message we sent them
Through fire and through flood
He signed it and sealed it
To-day with his blood—
United we stand! Our Empire is One!
.
But this woman beside me? . . . The boy was her son!

IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL

DAWN at last! Open the window, Sister,
And let me see the sky . . . yes, open wide.
How gray it is and blue. And look! that flush. . .
As though the first beam of the glancing sun
Fell on a garden; as though across the world
I caught the gladness of a rose in bloom.

Grace Blackburn

The sky of France! Sky of the Garden Land!
It is death now, I think. And oh, how good
Death is . . . death and the roses of the sky.
On me has come the spirit of a kiss
To fill for me the gap of this gaunt year:
I was her gift to France . . . she bade me go,
And when she bade me go she sealed her gift
With kisses. I have kept them for this hour.
Ah! You must tell her that I died for France,
But that I kissed my mother with my soul;
Kissed back her son. Roses! Eternity!

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

CLOUDS! And the shadows of clouds on a level landscape!

Clouds that wrap the world in mysteries of green,
Irradiated vapours . . . the sun re-living the kisses
of the sea;

Responding to his comrade with secret embraces.

White roads with trees flung over,

And deep dyked pools by the sides of the way.

Lap after lap of stubbled field and stagnant pasture.

A desolated church with shattered roof and ruined
arches.

Only one glad thing in the whole wide wilderness,

A peach tree in blossom . . . pink on pink kissing
the trellis.

One sound, too, and one only . . . the sound of
wings and a gluttonous cawing;

Sound of wide-pinioned birds beating the air in circles.

I walk in a place of graves, unmarked, unnumbered;

The soil is rough and I stumble . . . it heaves, it
palpitates,

Up and down gently as though the breath of a thousand
sleepers

Were come back again in a vast low sighing,

Breath I can see like a haze skimmed over.

Grace Blackburn

Graves of men, men, men . . . monotonous telling.
O lips that have kissed, now blackened and broken!
O eyes with their light and their laughter frozen!
O fecund flesh that falls asunder!
Deep down under the palpitating soil I see . . .
And the sight is fearsome.

Think not, you Sleepers,
That you are sown to corruption only . . .
Husk and core, core and husk, and yet there is something;

There is life! life! life! life unending:
Blast of cannon and shock of shell, ping of the rifle;
Bodies torn and bones broken at random;
Flesh and its organs, the whole perfect human machine,
God's work and nature's work up through the eons,
Cycle on cycle from the cell to the cosmos,
Cycles cunningly retraced in the womb of the woman,
Dismembered and scattered; and yet there is something . . . !

O emperors and diplomats and kings,
Politicians and bankers . . . what a sowing!
The flower of the wheat in its feathery seed-time
Is caught on the wave of the wind and carried
To ultimate shores, where kind of its kind engenders:
And you that have ploughed, and planted men. . .
Forget you the harvest?

There will be a springing, a seed-flower in season,
And the wind it listeth its ancient way. . .
Blow wind from the north, from fiord and ice-floe;
Blow wind to the south where the snow flies again;
Take the east and the west, the wide world at your
pleasure. . .

And sow! sow! sow!
Sow the seed of the blooming of blood!

I see a Woman sitting by the dyked pool;
Sitting alone by the roadside, outraged, abandoned,

Grace Blackburn

With dark hair streaming down over her empty breasts.

* * * *

The Sleepers there, in the graves, they sleep, it is finished;
But the Woman . . . merciful, obliterating death,
Death even, has abandoned this victim. Lust and war
Have had their way with her and stalked on. . .

Leaving her there by the roadside, outraged, abandoned.
Her feet are hurt by the stones in her passing—

In her hands are the marks of infinite labours—

But the wound in her side, the deep, deep heart wound,
Is the wound of all wounding . . . slowly it bleeds,
far inward.

Feet! Hands! And side! Five wounds has the
Woman. . .

The Christ had none other.

THE DOOM OF THE GODS

BEHOLD the Twilight, the Doom of the gods accomplished!

Hard old gods; gods that have tightened the world in a
grip

Like the grip that stifles the breath of the stream
In its boisterous throat and chokes back its laughter—

The touch that palsies the petals of flowers

So that they whiten and languish: gods that have dark-
ened the sun

As counsel is darkened, and misted the wisdom of stars.

There had been disclosure, announcement, foreknowl-
edge;

The gods, even the gods themselves had seen it and
started:

Then sudden it happened—Fate stood in the path—

The morning cock crowed! They flung out the banners!

Vaster than France or Flanders, vast as the universe
Is the field of the conflict. Transmarine and trans-
montane

It sweeps across the world. Not a peasant's hut

In the mute, attentive, listening earth
But hears the resound of it—
Not a king's palace sick of old splendour,
Dying of exquisite ennui, that does not tremble.
The gods meet the gods! Chaos has come and destruction!

Despotisms and Dynasties;
Diplomacy with its secrets soft as a silken string,
Subtle for binding; Oppression and Usance;
Tinsel-tricked Superstition, its priests and its profits;
Close-fisted Atheism whose bread is a stone;
Lawyer-pack and the blustering breed of Office;
Fraudulence and Ownership—
The ownership of lands and of bodies;
Bodies of men for the gain in the sweat of them,
Bodies of women for the lusts they feed—
Foul old gods, foully worshipped,
See the fire of their fury scattered!
The flame of it rises to heaven, the earth is lurid:
The gods against the gods!
They kill!
They go down in the killing!

Now War itself—War that is snake and eagle in one,
Cruel and cunning—War makes encounter with Death!
And Death hails the Leader of Hosts, the War Lord,
Under a strange new mask, more cruel and cunning
Than snake or the eagle—a monster fatted on millions,
A spectre compounded of science and spite,
This Death of the Twilight of gods.
Gone the transcendence, the state, the white wonder—
This Death is the churl of a shambles
Blood-letting in buskins; a butcher in arms!

* * * *

And Death strangles his henchman—
The Twilight, the Doom of the gods is accomplished:
War, too, that was lusty, is dead!

Jean Blewett

One of the popular women writers of Canada. Author of 'Out of the Depths' (a novel), 'Heart Songs,' 'The Cornflower and Other Poems,' etc. Her third volume of verse is now being published. Born at Scotia, Lake Erie, Ontario, November 4th, 1872, daughter of John and Janet (MacIntyre) McKishnie, both natives of Argyllshire. Educated in public schools, and at the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. In her 18th year married Mr Bassett Blewett, a native of Cornwall, England, who died recently. Mrs Blewett is on the editorial staff of 'The Globe,' and of 'Every-woman's World,' Toronto.

THE LOVER LADS OF DEVON LANES

I HEARD you singing in the grove, my Lady Nightingale,
The thirsty leaves were drinking dew and all the sky was pale.

Oh, warm and clear as bells of peace your song thrilled,
on the air,
Each liquid note a thing of joy as sweet as it was rare!

Not all of joy—a haunting strain of longing, pain and tears,
A note of grief which seemed to voice the sadness of the years:

‘Dream if ye may, my English lads,
Asleep on Flanders plains,
Of lips you kissed and love you made
In these old Devon lanes!’

I heard you singing in the grove, my Lady Nightingale,—
Oh, sorrow-sweet the song you sang when all the sky
was pale!

MOUNT CAVELL

LOOK yonder where the Rose of Sunset leans—
A Blessed Damosel on golden stair—
Whose lightest touch illumes, incaradines,
And kindles flames of splendour everywhere.

Mount Cavell but a little time ago
Seemed typical of majesty severe,
Aloof, far-off, with diadem of snow—
Lo, gone the grimness, and the air austere!

The Rose of Sunset in a shining mood
Has paused to touch him with her fingers warm,
To weave her crimson petals in a hood,
For his great head, with all her subtle charm.

For cloak she shakes from out her royal lap
Whole webs of vapour, soft, of silken mist,
The rarest colours ever dyed, mayhap,
Mauve pink, and Persian rose, and amethyst.

With blues of many shades, blues somber, gay,
Blending together in a dream of light,
The sun-thrilled blue of perfect summer day,
The star-kissed blue of perfect winter night.

That rarest blue, in midnight vision given
To such as vigil keep, for His dear sake,
Who see across the flowery meads of heaven
The shining pathway that the angels take.

Fair, fair, this cloak the Rose of Sunset weaves,
Ere the invading twilight dulls and blurrs,
Weaves out of golden mist and ruby leaves,
While all the glamour of the skies are hers.

Mount Cavell did we dare to call thee grim
When first we saw thee standing bald and bare,

Jean Blewett

Ere yet this glory clothed thee like a dream,
Kindled to lip a thousand beauties fair?

Nay, grandeur is thine own—staunch and immoved
Thou standest forth a splendid monument
To her, the brave, the steadfast, the beloved
Who sleeps upon a foreign shore, content.

A monument the years will not efface—
A speaking monument that will extoll
A woman's tenderness, and truth, and grace,
The strength and courage of a woman's soul.

The Rose of Sunset steals away to sleep,
And, following in her train of palest gold,
Are soft-veiled, fleecy clouds like flocks of sheep
That hurrying go to find some far-off fold.

Above Mount Cavell mark the shadows grey,
Shot through with one great opal tinted bar;
And just between the darkness and the day
Gleams down upon the hills one silver star.

Minnie Hallowell Bowen

Mrs Cecil Hale Bowen of Sherbrooke, Quebec. Minnie Henrietta Bethune Hallowell was born in Sherbrooke, February 4th, 1861, the second child of John Hallowell (of United Empire Loyalist descent) and Helen Maria Clark. For several years kept a private school. Active in women's organizations: since the beginning of the war, President of the Sherbrooke Patriotic Association.

THE TRENCHES

'No man's land is a mass of bloom and the trenches are filled with flowers.'

THE long, grey seams upon the pleasant land
Are furrows driven by Death across the loam—
Through agony no soul can understand
That iron Share went home.

That little, narrow path in Jordan's tide
Our best and dearest tread; and in our dreams—
Its great insistence not to be denied—
We see the long, grey seams.

What Hope in such dread sowing hidden lies?
What Seed shall quicken in distress and pain?
What Harvest from the crimson fields arise,
Drenched with such awful rain?

Take courage hearts that grieve and cannot sing
Beholding War's relentless, bitter hours,—
God's Hand has loosed the loveliness of Spring—
The trenches fill with flowers.

And every thought of love and faith and God,
And every noble deed, unseen, untold
Wakes from the clinging fingers of the sod
To bloom in rose and gold.

And all heroic courage and high thought
Lifts fragrant chalices towards the light—
Thus shall the splendid blossoming be brought
Of everlasting Right!

Minnie Hallowell Bowen

THE NEW YEAR, 1917 A.D.

Canada's National Service

THE New Year comes white-winged, unstained, a star
Loosed from God's hand across a world of night!
What thoughts await its coming from afar?
What deeds shall quicken in its unknown light?
All Time is God's—to give and to withhold!
To men the power is given to use or waste—
To turn the passing splendour into gold,
Lasting and beautiful—or bid it haste.
Dearer than jewels—bought with holiest blood—
Are these few months God-given to our hand
By Him whose might held back the threatening flood
There at the Marne, that we might arm and stand.
The grey tide swells apace—the nations fall
Before its pitiless, embracing lust!
Here at the threshold of another year—
Still with God's gift of time—we face our trust!
The bells are ringing in the quivering towers—
The chimes are calling over glistening snow.
The year is dawning in its awful powers—
The hours are coming—and the hours must go!
These few, small days may be the last that wait
On our decision! Riven ears may know
The iron thunders of approaching Fate
That closes Mercy's door and arms the Foe.
Dear blood, outpoured for love of God and Man,
Has drenched the far-off altar with its red,
And heavenly fire that through the trenches ran
Has wrapped the lives that suffered in our stead.
How can we give enough—since they have died?
Since they have lived—shall we not greatly live
And know in life or death with holy pride
No wealth of service is too much to give?

The Call to Service! ringing loud and clear
Beats in the angel pinions overhead—
Still time is given that deadened ears may hear
Before the final word of doom is said.

Work! for humanity's sublimest goal!
Fight! in a cause too great to be denied!
Hear! for the Dead are speaking to your soul!
Wake! for God calls the Nation to His side!

THE VICTORIOUS DEAD

HOW should we weep—beholding the white light
Of those young spirits—joyous—unafraid?
The pathway shines, the exultant feet have made
Beyond the immeasurable darkness of this night!
So were the strong brows crowned with living gold;
The imperial ardour won through sacrifice
Burned like a lambent flame, to grow and rise
Glory on glory, as rich dawns unfold.

Their eyes were purified that looked through death,
They took the Cup and thirst was satisfied!
Eternal vistas opened—life beyond breath!
In man's extremity—in the last sleep—
The immortal spirit would not be denied
Triumphing gloriously! How should we weep?

THE SUMMONS

IF on the morrow the quick summons comes
To lay down life, I shall go willingly,
Since it is given the ultimate to see
To which man can attain. The rolling drums
Of God's high calling did not beat in vain.
Men at a word leaped from luxurious rest
To strenuous action—took for guerdon pain,
Hardness and wounds. Death met the splendid quest
Worthy of Sacred Grail. The Highest spoke—

Minnie Hallowell Bowen

The highest in man answered—then awoke
The inner things of life! War's strange dismay
Dimmed not the flame that made a holy ground
As if the spirit pierced the crumbling clay
Hearing the Resurrection trumpet sound!

THE DAWN

BLOW, loveliness of morn across the hills!
Waken the dew-drenched earth! These drops are red!
The older day is gone—its dreams are dead
Lost in the darkness. Long-forgotten ills
Left in the upward climb raise horrid heads
From out primeval slime—their threatening fangs
Menace the soul. The lonely star that sheds
Heaven's radiance, pale in the deep ether hangs,
Promise of day to be. Blow winds of morn!
Cleanse the sick earth from foulness and dismay!
The flowers forget to bloom—no roses blow—
Only the Rose of Sacrifice is born
Rooted in sorrow, like the stars aglow—
Is this the Night? Behold! it is the Day!

AFTERWARDS

AFTER this life—God's life! The battlefield
Leaves pitiful wrecks—poor torn bodies—men
Pulsing with warm life once—alive—and then
After that lightning stroke no earthly shield
Can ward from any of us—dead and cold—
Still—without comfort—voiceless—set apart
From touch of love. That agony is old
As life and death, but new with every heart.

Yet, in what glory went the parting soul
In that high hour of sacrifice to meet
Its Maker! In what holiness the feet
Swept upward to the Great Light of the Goal
That followed Calvary's immortal sign,
The crimson token, deathless and divine!

Louise Morey Bowman

Mrs Archibald Abercromby Bowman of Toronto. Has contributed poems to the 'Outlook' (New York), 'The University Magazine,' 'The Canadian Magazine,' and 'Poetry' (Chicago), and has a volume ready for publication. Born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, daughter of Mr Samuel Foote Morey. Educated privately, and at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

THE BOYS' ROOM

THE sunshine was spattering over the floor
In a frolic of golden rain,
And the little green leaves were whispering
And tapping outside the pane.
There were their college banners and books;
And, hung on the plain gray wall,
Sir Galahad, shining and tall,
Waiting there for his vision,
In the dream-filled days of yore.

But now *they* have seen a vision
And shall they come back no more?
Through the open door
I heard the step of the brave little brown-eyed mother
And though she smiled on the threshold,
In her eyes the big tears gleamed.

"I've been such a happy woman!
We've always dreamed
That little grandchildren might come some day,
And get out the old toys, and romp and play
Just as *they* used to. But now, you know,
There is something greater than that, and oh,
Sometimes one almost grows afraid to dream!"

Louise Morey Bowman

"Fred writes, 'You taught us to follow the gleam
With gay old Galahad there on our wall.
Cheer up, Mother. 'This life's not all.'
Think of Fred—'our Joker'—writing that. Well,
We must go down to lunch, Dear. 'There's the bell.'"

And so we silently closed the door,
And left the room as it was before,
With the sunshine spattering over the floor
In a frolic of golden rain,
And the little green leaves a-whispering
And tapping outside the pane.

But now when we talk of the war, I see
Above the horrible, death-filled gloom
That rises before me, 'the boys' old room'—
A vision whose beauty shall never pale;
A *temple*—that still guards the Holy Grail.

ENGLAND

WILL the sea-girt Island blossom this springtime?
(England! Our England!)
God made posies before He made people!
Even before you had one church-steeple
Primroses strewed you with pale-hued gold,
Springing up from the ancient mould;
King-cups glowed in your lush green meadows;
Bluebells gleamed in your dusky woods.
Ay! Old battlefields bloom in an English Maytime,
(England! Our England!)

Primroses, cowslips,
Violets, bluebells,
Hawthorn, heather and broom,
Send the word to the reeking trenches
(Into the horror and smoke and stench)
Of England's posies abloom!

THE WHITE GARDEN

YOU care for me (oh, so tenderly),
And you bring me to sit in the garden,
Watching me all so anxiously,
And I love you and ask your pardon,
Because I can laugh no longer.
But I try—oh, I try—to tell you
That it's really not all sad
And that here in my white, white garden
I am almost, almost glad!
For love (O my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

He was such a glorious lover!
(Oh, the years of golden weather!)
And how we joyed in the colour
That we found in the world together:
From the tawny shades of our Eastern rugs
And the gleam of our copper-lustre jugs,
To the rose and the green and the weird ice-blue
Of winter and summer and springtime hue!
Oh, the hyacinth-beds when the 'south-west' blew!
But love (O my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood or blackness or death.

I wish I could make you understand
As my Lover does in his far-off land.
For he knows why my flowers are all silver white;
He knows why the sun is like pale moonlight;
He knows why the brown and golden bees
Are white, and the grass and the whispering trees.
Only the sky so far away
Grows bluer and nearer every day—
For love (O my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

Horace Bray

Second Lieutenant, R.A.F. Killed by accident at Shotwick, England, in a collision, July 9th, 1918, when on the eve of departure for France. Had previously served in France as a cavalryman, in important engagements in the Ypres salient, and had been seriously wounded. Horace Edgar Kingsmill Bray was born at Thamesville, Ontario, March 27th, 1896, the second son of the Rev. H. E. Bray, now Rector of St. John's Church, Thamesford, Ontario. His secondary education was received at the Galt Collegiate Institute. When about to enter the University, war broke out, and the gallant boy (but eighteen then) enlisted.

LORD ROBERTS, OB. 1914

AS wrestler, snatching breathing space
To fling a thought beyond the ring,
As runner, panting in a race,
Who sends a sudden thought awing ;

So in our strife we pause awhile—
The throbbing air is mute a space,
A whisper steals from file to file,
'Bobs is no longer in his place.'

THE KITCHENER CHAP

HE wore twin stripes of gold upon
An empty tunic sleeve ;
His eyes were blue, his face so young
One hardly could believe
That he had seen the death and hate
That make the whole world grieve.

His hair was fair, his eyes were blue,
I thought that I could see
(Just when his sunny smile came through)
The lad he used to be :
Dear happy little mother's lad
Of only two or three.

But when across his eyes there came
A sudden look of pain—
His mouth set very hard and straight,
He was a man again.

He gave his shattered dreams of youth
That England might remain.

I felt hot tears rise to my eyes
When I looked at the lad;
Brave, gallant, shattered, smiling youth—
He gave us all he had;
For youth so fair, so sorely hurt
All England's heart is sad.
He passed me in a crowded street,
We did not meet again;
He showed me in a sudden flash
Our England's pride and pain.
And when all else is long forgot
His memory shall remain.

CANADA TO ENGLAND, JULY 1ST, 1917

WE hold the pride You held—and now we give
New pride to add unto your garnered store,
New deeds beside the old ones, meet to live
And pass into our hearts forevermore.
We do not boast: but we are proud this day
That we have stood the stern and sudden test;
We too have done a little in the fray,
And we have given of our little best.
We too have lost the ones we held most dear,
And we are linked by a new bond of grief;
We too have fought against and mastered fear,
We have sought comfort of the same Belief.
Men called you great, and feared your anger just—
May we too know the strength of noble ire:
As all men honour you because they must,
Teach us to grasp a little of your fire.
Now we are proud, and thankful that the Day
That saw your testing, gave to us our trial,
To pay the debt our fathers fain would pay
And chalk the even score upon the dial.

Horace Bray

Mother and daughters now may journey forth
Comrades in arms, along that better way
That comes with Peace, and things of nobler worth,
And brings the dawning of a brighter day.
Perchance in days gone by, we thought you cold—
You may have thought us childish still, and weak—
But now—we know; we know your heart of Gold;
We know the things you felt and could not speak.
And you, mayhap, have learned a little too,
Of eager youth, impetuous to aid,
Impatient of delay, and quick to do,
Too young, too ignorant, to be afraid.
O little Mother of the Island Race!
O Mother-Mistress of the distant seas!
We heard your call, and proudly take our place
Now by your side, no longer at your knees!

OUTPOST

OVER the edge of hills the sunset burned;
The silent ageless mountains stood around;
And where the flashing mountain streamlet turned,
A watch of armed men held vantage ground.
Outpost of England's might—a little band
War hardened, grim and fierce in fight;
Outpost to hold in awe a hostile land,
Guarding a border from a nation's might.
Up the long slope there swept a dusky host
That broke across the patch of meadow land;
A weary sentry called—the little post
Started from sleep: rang out a sharp command.
Then on them broke the flash and thunder stroke—
A thousand sabres in a thousand hands—
The little islet trembled—never broke,
At all the shock of all a thousand brands.
The rifles snapped and chattered in the dark;
Yard long sprang flames with every bullet sped;

And every bullet sped to find a mark,
But man by man the little group fell dead.
Faces all pallèd, black with battle smoke;
Strong hands tight clutched in lust of battle flame;
And still the living islet never broke,
And still the hordes of dusky legions came.
The stars in solemn circles marched above,
And what a sight was this they stooped to see!
No mercy here, or pity sweet, or love,
But crashing death, and lust of victory!
Dawn lightened on the hills in cold gray streaks;
But few were there, indeed, who cheered the day:
And still the rush of battle, still the shrieks
As steel drove sternly home the Saxon way.
A soldier paused in all the din of strife
And drew a banner from his heaving breast;
He fixed it to a staff, and newer life
Came with that sign and strengthened all the rest.
And ever burned the flag above the fray;
And all about the ring of heroes stood;
And all about a dreadful rampart lay—
Wounded and dead in sodden pools of blood.
Few stood, and fewer still; and at the last
None stood to check the rush of dusky foes;
But ere one alien foot the circle passed,
A dying lad, a slender youth arose—
He rose and cast a look of pride and scorn,
And from the shattered staff the flag he drew—
The scarlet emblem, bloody, smoke-grimed, torn,
And, on the smouldering watchfire embers, threw;
He swayed and fell, the flag sent up a smoke
Of incense to the memory of the brave—
The memory of the post that never broke,
The post that fills one great forgotten grave.

Lillie A. Brooks

Mrs William Brooks of Toronto. Born in Norwood, Ontario, January 4th, 1874, daughter of the Rev. John Edmund Cooper, Anglican clergyman.

BEREAVED

HE was my music—how could winds be eerie
That bore his laughter and his joyous song?
He was my sunlight—how could days be dreary,
His radiant smile must scatter mists ere long!
He was my heaven—could my soul be weary
That felt his presence in the passing throng!
God! Can it be that I must live without him,
Live on bereft of all that made life bright?
Henceforth the chill, the silence and the darkness—
Hush! He sends starlight to the purple night.

THE SIGHING OF THE PRISONERS

'THE endless length of days,
So full of dreariness and useless pain!
Interminable nights
When even respite in the land of dreams
Is sought in vain!

'The cruel hunger pangs
That gnaw and grip and tear as wolves their prey!
The burning, parching thirst
That no barbarian with a dripping sponge
Seeks to allay!

'The wretched, worthless years!
The fettered soul—while soulless beasts go free!
The haunting memories—
O God, in pity send forgetfulness
Or liberty!

F. O. Call

Professor of Modern Languages, and Dean of Residence, at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec. Author of 'In a Belgian Garden and Other Poems,' etc. Born at West Brome, Quebec. Educated at Stanstead College, and at Bishop's College (B.A. and M.A.), Lennoxville. Took postgraduate work at McGill, Marburg and Paris, and travelled considerably in Europe. A new and enlarged edition of his poems is now being published in Toronto.

IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

ONCE in a Belgian garden,
 (Ah, many months ago!)
I saw like pale Madonnas
 The tall white lilies blow.
Great poplars swayed and trembled
 Afar against the sky,
And green with flags and rushes
 The river wandered by.
Amid the waving wheatfields
 Glowed poppies blazing red,
And showering strange wild music
 A lark rose overhead.
The lark has ceased his singing,
 The wheat is trodden low,
And in the blood-stained garden
 No more the lilies blow.
And where green poplars trembled
 Stand shattered trunks instead,
And lines of small white crosses
 Keep guard above the dead.
For here brave lads and noble,
 From lands beyond the deep,
Beneath the small white crosses
 Have laid them down to sleep.
They laid them down with gladness
 Upon the alien plain,
That this same Belgian garden
 Might bud and bloom again.

RHEIMS

IN royal splendour rose the house of prayer,
Its mystic gloom arched over by the flight
Of soaring vault; above the nave's dim night
Rich gleamed the painted windows wondrous fair.
Sweet chimes and chanting mingled in the air;
Blue clouds of incense dimmed the vaulted height;
And on the altar, like a beacon light,
The gold cross glittered in the candles' glare.

To-day no bells, no choirs, no incense cloud,
For thou, O Rheims, art prey of evil powers;
But with a voice a thousand times more loud
Than siege-guns echoing round thy shattered towers,
Do thy mute bells to all the world proclaim
Thy martyred glory and thy foeman's shame.

THE LACE-MAKER OF BRUGES

HER age-worn hands upon her apron lie
Idle and still. Against the sunset glow
Tall poplars stand and silent barges go
Along the green canal that wanders by.
A lean, red finger pointing to the sky,
The spire of Notre Dame. Above a row
Of dim, gray arches where the sunbeams die,
The ancient belfry guards the square below.

One August eve she stood in that same square
And gazed and listened, proud beneath her tears,
To see her soldier passing down the street.
To-night the beat of drums and trumpets' blare
With bursts of fiendish music smite her ears,
And mingle with the tread of trampling feet.

GONE WEST

I DO not think of them—our glorious dead—
As laying tired heads upon the breast
Of a kind mother to be lulled to rest;
I do not see them in a narrow bed
Of alien earth, by their own blood made red,
But see in their own simple phrase,—‘Gone West,’
The words of knights upon a holy quest,
Who saw the light and followed where it led.

Gone West! Scarred warrior hosts go marching by,
Their longing faces turned towards the light
That glows and burns upon the western sky.
Leaving behind the darkness of the night,
Their long day over and their battle won,
They seek for rest beyond the setting sun.

THE INDIFFERENT ONES

UNMOVED they sit by the stream of life
And its blood-red tide to the sea goes down,
While the hosts are borne through the surging strife
To a hero's death and a martyr's crown.

They pay no toll of their gold or blood;
For them 'tis a pageant and naught beside;
So they calmly dream by the reeking flood,
While the sun goes down in the crimson tide.

Bliss Carman

One of the greatest lyric poets of this century. Author of 'Low Tide on Grand Pré,' 'Behind the Arras,' 'Ballads of Lost Haven,' 'By the Aurelian Wall,' 'Pipes of Pan' (five books), etc.; and of several books of fine essays. Born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15th, 1861, son of William Carman, barrister, and Sophia Bliss, an elder sister of the mother of Roberts. A Gold Medalist of the University of New Brunswick. Took postgraduate work at Edinburgh and at Harvard. Since young manhood has lived most of the time in the New England States.

TECUMSEH AND THE EAGLES

TECUMSEH of the Shawnees
He dreamed a noble dream,—
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan,—
A way to keep o'er plain and steep
The liberty of man.
The champions of freedom
They may not weary soon,
Nor lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.
Those teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plane and soar again
And give the warning cry.
They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls

To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That sleep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck—and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.
Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry, 'If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!'

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good; their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone
Across the fields of light.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth,
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

They see on earth below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.

Bliss Carman

Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled,
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge to the world.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry, 'If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!'

THE MAN OF THE MARNE

THE gray battalions were driving down
Like snow from the North on Paris Town,
Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of Empires hung by a hair.
With the world in the balance, what shall decide?
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valour, where all were men,
The strength of the people was gathered then.
'My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My centre is almost driven in,'
The soul of a Patriot spoke through the hush,
'I shall advance,' said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.

The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,
Their centre was almost driven in,
When the tide of battle turned with a rush,
For France was there—and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
And Italy after a thousand years
Walked in beauty among her peers,—
Not since Nelson followed the star
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
On the tossing floor of the Western seas,—
No, not since Miltiades
Fronted the Persian hosts and won
Against the tyrant at Marathon,
Has a greater defender of liberty
Stood and struck for the cause than he,—
Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,
Whose centre was almost driven in,
But whose iron courage no fate could crush
Nor hinder. 'I shall advance,' said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray
For civilization on today,
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the devil of brutish might,—
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
And peace with honour all price above,—
What shall we answer, how prepare,
For Destiny's challenge, Who goes there?
And pass with the willing and worthy to give
Life, that freedom and faith may live?
When promise and patience are wearing thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,
Remember the Marne and Ferdinand Foch!

Helena Coleman

Miss Helena Coleman of Toronto was born at Newcastle, Ontario, and educated at home and at Whitby Ladies' College. Her father was the late Rev. Francis Coleman of the Methodist ministry. The well-known geologist, Professor A. T. Coleman, Ph.D., F.R.S., is her brother.. Author of 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'Marching Men,' etc.

IN FRANCE'S FLOWERED FIELDS

IN France's flowered fields they lie,
And she will hold them close and dear,
Above their graves her trees will sigh,
Her grasses cover them year by year. . .

They were to us mere laughing boys,
But in the passing of a breath
They turned from life's scarce-tasted joys
To this high majesty of death. . .

O France, when coming springs shall break
In foam of bloom to hide thy scars,
And flowers of human kindness make
An end of agonies and wars,

Forget not these our sons who came
At that first wild, bewildered cry
With their young British hearts aflame
Upon thy tragic hills to die!

Still have them in thy guarding care,
A holy and a cherished trust,
And let thy children come with prayer
To dream awhile beside their dust;—

To dream of tender love and ruth,
And give a passing thought to these
Who trod the star-lit ways of truth,
Bondsmen of British loyalties!

And since upon thy heart lies now
The richest ransom ever paid—
White roses torn from England's brow
Beside thy broken lilies laid—

Be thou our friend forever more,
In ties of common anguish bound,
That we may know the sons we bore
Lie not in unregarded ground!

CHILDREN OF ENGLAND YET TO BE

CHILDREN, children, yet unborn,
Hold your lives in holy trust,
Yours the blossom, theirs the thorn,
Yours the sweetness, theirs the dust;
That your eyes might see the light,
That love fold you safe and warm,
Fared they to a dawnless night,
Bowed they to a bitter storm! . . .

I can see you at your play
In the dewy fields of morn,
Dancing through the scented hay,
And the sheaves of yellow corn;
There are roses on your cheek,
There is laughter in your eyes
As you romp at hide-and-seek,
Where the lark and thristle rise,
With your merry ways and wise,
Little children yet unborn.

Out across the drifted sands
With your friends, the fairy-folk,
I can see you linking hands—
Ring-a-rosy round the oak.
Where the lark his rapture tells,
Swinging up into the blue,
Merrily you ring the bells
Of the fox-glove tall as you,
Housed with peace among the flowers
In the haunts that once we knew.
In far happier times than ours,
With no thought of battle-smoke,
Or of British hearts that broke.

Helena Coleman

Out beyond the shimmering waves
Of your blue, encircling sea,
Lie in nameless, foreign graves
They who kept your England free.
When you watch the wheeling stars
On soft, summer-scented nights,
With no memory that mars,
Only English sounds and sights,
(Only infinite delights!),
Pray that every British heart
In the years that are to be,
Play the honest British part,
Holding life more reverently
For the sacred lives they gave,
And the deathless liberty
They are dying now to save.
Little children, yet unborn,
Take yours lives in holy trust,
Yours the roses, theirs the thorn,
Yours the sweetness, theirs the dust,
That love keep you safe and warm,
Bowed they to a bitter storm!

ROCKING IN THE BAY

FROM my nook beneath the pine
I can see the graceful line

Of the little brown canoe in the bay;
Bright and windy is the weather,
But there's no one to untether

And go speeding to the open far away,
Where the ragged clouds are flying
And the sunset gold is dying—
Empty, listless, she is lying,
Idly rocking, idly rocking
In the bay.

How she'd leap to answer him
When he took the paddle slim

And they'd race as laughing victors to the fray!

They would climb the waves together,
Riding buoyant as a feather

Or a bird that slants a wet wing to the spray;
But the echoing laughter dies,
Lone and far the seagull cries,
And the little playmate lies,
Idly rocking, idly rocking
In the bay.

Son o' mine, O little son,
Has the race indeed been run—

Have the storm-clouds turned the blue and gold to
grey?

God be praised who gave you grace,
Strength of heart and will to face

Wilder winds upon the death-fields far away!
God be praised for lads like you,
And for hearts that measure true,
Though we turn our brimming eyes
To your little brown canoe
By the reedy shore that lies
All the empty summer through,
Idly rocking, idly rocking
In the bay!

AUTUMN, 1917

(A.L.T.)

WE know by many a tender token
When Indian-summer days have come,
By rustling leaves in branches oaken
And by the cricket's sleepy hum.
By aspen leaves no longer shaken,
And by the river's silvered thread,
The oriole's swinging cup forsaken,
Emptied of music overhead.
By long slant lines on field and fallow,
By mellowing portals of the wood,
By silences that seem to hallow
Inviting us to solitude. . . .

Helena Coleman

Are there young hearts in France recalling
These dream-filled, blue Canadian days,
When gold and scarlet flames are falling
From beech and maple set ablaze?

Pluck they again the pale, wild aster,
The bending plume of golden-rod?
And do their exiled hearts beat faster
Roaming in thought their native sod?

Dream they of Canada crowned and golden,
Flushed with her Autumn diadem?
In years to come when time is olden,
Canada's dream shall be of them—

Shall be of them who gave for others
The ardour of their radiant years;—
Your name in Canada's heart, my brothers,
Shall be remembered long with tears!

We give you vision back for vision,
Forgetting not the price you paid,
O bearers of the world's decision,
On whom the nations' debt was laid!

No heart can view these highways glowing
With gold transmuted from the clod,
But crowns your glorious manhood, knowing
You gave us back our faith in God.

OH, NOT WHEN APRIL WAKES THE
DAFFODILS

OH, not when April wakes the daffodils,
And bob-o-links o'er misty meadows ring
Their fluted bells, and orchards fleeced with Spring,
Go climbing up to crown the radiant hills;
Not when the budding balm-o'-gilead spills
Its spices on the air, and lilacs bring
Old dreams to mind, and every living thing
The brimming cup with fresh enchantment fills!

Oh, bring not then the dread report of death,—
Of eyes to loveliness forever sealed,
Of youth that perished as a passing breath,
Of hearts laid waste and agonies untold,
When here in every sweet Canadian field
Are heaped such treasures of green and gold!

TO OUR BELOVED

THE hearts you knew in those unchallenged years,
The hearts that loved you—softer grown with tears—
O let them be your living bed,
Come home to us, beloved dead!

We will not mourn or praise you over much,
We only ask with wistful lips to touch
Your garment's hem, and lay sweet boughs
Grown of heart's pride upon your brows.

We only ask that with you we may die
To all that you have died to, putting by
The aims that once set life ablaze,
The cares that vexed those restless days.

For something of us perished at your side,
The lighter self you knew died when you died;
Though we are called by no new name,
We, too, have passed that cleansing flame,—
Have passed beyond the old desires and fears
Into a tenderness unstained of tears;
'Tis this that we would fold you in,
Our spirits' next and nearest kin.

Think not, Beloved, that you have suffered change
To us, it is the world that has grown strange;
We are more wholly yours, indeed,
As the swift tides of earth recede;

For though condemned to life, yet do we stand
Consciously near the Undiscovered Land,
Feeling befriended there and known
In the high fellowship death has shown.

James B. Dollard

The Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt. D., Parish Priest of St. Monica's Church, North Toronto. Author of 'Irish Mist and Sunshine,' 'Poems,' 'Irish Lyrics and Ballads'; and a volume of short stories, 'The Gaels of Moondharrig.' Born at Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, August 30th, 1872. Educated at Kilkenny College, and at the Grand Seminary of Montreal. A distinguished graduate of Laval University. A relative of the late Archbishop Walsh of Toronto; and a grand-nephew of the Right Rev. William Dollard, first Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick.

CLEAVERS OF THE AIR

O CLEAVERS of the air, what bard can sing
Your skyey glory, since great Milton passed
Who sang the angel hosts on pinion free
Sweeping the empyrean, and told of him
The mighty spirit who on broken wing
From Heaven's high battlements went plunging down
To the unplumbed abime!

O ye who sail
On daring quest the azure seas of air,
Piercing the clouds and leaving earth behind,
To bathe in lakes of light—we need a new,
Sublimier language to record your deeds
And trace your weird sensations as you glide
To heights so dizzy that no eagle's wing
May tarry there!

What think ye now of man
Whose bee-hive dwellings lie all dwarfed below
The while he crawls about so like an ant?
How small he is, to harbour pomp and pride,
How poor his vision, and how short his day!

Your thoughts of him are like the thoughts of God;
And ye who see God's wonders in the skies
Must deep adore, when earth like falling ball
Recedes, and past the glory-tinted hills,
Past towers of cloudland and vast gulfs of fire
The morning sun peers out before the dawn!

LANGEMARCK

LONG shall the deathless story live
Of Langemarck's bloody day,
When fierce Germania's legions drave,
Up-rolling westward, wave on wave,
And swept the French defenders brave
Rearward in gory fray.

The thundering guns their voices raised,
Attuned to deadly ire;
The hurtling bomb and hissing shell
Made war's deep diapason swell,
Till all became a seething hell
Out-limned in sulphurous fire!

The German hordes in madness charged,
And mighty was their force;
Right through the lines they burst their way,
And dread the story of that day
Were not our heroes there, to stay
The Teuton's desperate course.

Then was it that young Canada
Displayed their mettle tried;
With courage grand they meet that shock
And like some stern, unyielding rock
That scorns the tides, e'en thus they mock
The foeman's wrath and pride!

James B. Dollard

The Teutons reel before their charge,
 Flung back dismayed amain;
The tide is turned, the foemen run,
And on a field right bravely won
Our northern banners flaunt the sun
 Far o'er that crimsoned plain!

Long shall their glorious deeds be praised
 Where Britons gathered be;
And Langemarck's lasting fame enscribed
On stone and brass, for aye unfold
The memory of those heroes bold
 Who died to keep us free!

THE PATRIOT DEAD

ALL men must die, and short the day of each.
Though miser-like, a man may hoard his hours,
Hugging his paltry pelf with all his pow'rs,
And clinging to existence like a leech.
Ignoble he, his bones shall rot and bleach
 Like carrion—all his life he fears and cowers—
Far different the soul that god-like towers
On Freedom's heights, where nothing base can reach!

I sing the Patriot Dead, who, side by side,
Fall on the field of honour, laying down
The treasures of their lives in simple pride,
And meriting the martyrs' rubied crown!
Sweet comes their death—the Death that they defied—
And, through the ages, glorious their renown!

VERDUN

NAMED by the Celts of old—a fortress then
That stemmed the tide of Cæsar's bold advance;
Full many a year of high and proud romance
Hast thou beheld. The tramp of armed men

Made music round thy moated bastion, when
The Vandal's and the Goth's invading lance
Surged o'er the border into beauteous France,
Bringing rude hordes from Northern steppe and fen!

And now, today, another menace nears;
Again a self-styled Cæsar flings his host
In wrath on thee, who, scorning futile fears,
Defies and brings to naught his bloody boast—
For, crowned a queen among her mighty peers
Verdun's high fame shall ring from coast to coast.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGER

HE felt the stirring of the battle-thrill,
And on a summer morning, ere the gorse
Began to bloom, he took his faithful horse
And rode from his white cottage on the hill.
Down where the torrent passes by the mill,
He paused and gazed a moment to its source,
Then onward without swerving held his course,
The soldier-heart obeying his strong will.

He never saw again that cottage white,
Nor saw the golden gorse in glory flow'r;
He died a hero in the heady fight,
But ere he died he had his god-like hour,
And far on Belgium's battle-field today
The trump of Fame is pealing o'er his clay!

Douglas Leader Durkin

Lecturer in English in the University of Manitoba. Author of 'The Fighting Men of Canada,' a first book of virile poems received with acclaim in London, England. "Born in the Swan Lake district of Manitoba some thirty odd years ago."

THE CALL

CAME once a call on the midnight,
Rose once a cry from the sea,
'Daughter of mine in my day-pride,
Art thou still daughter to me?'
Spoke then the heart of a nation,
Clarion-voiced from the hill,
'Lo, in our day thou hast long been our stay,
Mother art thou to us still!'

Came then a murmur of voices,
Sounds of the marching of men;
Hearts that had slumbered in silence
Quickened with passion again;
Down where the rumble of traffic
Grew with the dawn of the day
Broke the stern beat of a drum in the street,
Marshalling men for the fray.

Cold-hearted stewards of credit,
Faint-hearted counters of pelf,
Leaped at the blare of the trumpet
Free from the shackles of self;
Haggling tongues on the market,
Babbling lips on the square,
Fashioned a word that the high heavens heard,
Whispered it once in a prayer.

Silent-tongued dwellers on frontiers,
Peace-loving souls on the grange,
Brawny-limbed brood of the mountains,
Weather-bronzed sons of the range,

Stout-hearted hewers of forests,
Brown-beaten men of the soil
Heard from afar the grim challenge of war—
Rose in the sweat of their toil.

Back went the word from a people
Bred with a will to be free,
'Mother, thy daughter stands ready
Still to prove daughter to thee!'
Spoke then the heart of the Mother,
Swelling with pride in her Day,
'Soul of my soul, where the battle-clouds roll,
We are one soul in the fray!'

THE MEN WHO STOOD

WHY, *with the odds ten to one, did they stay,
Playing the game for a wager of blood,
Holding a legion of demons at bay
For a day and a night, for a night and a day—
Do you ask why they stood?*

Shed on the soul of a man of the plains
Beams of a sun with a quickening ray,
Fill the young blood of his wild coursing veins
Full of the pride of his orient day;
Trace on his brow in the light of the morn
Symbols of dreams of a nation to be,
Touch him to visions of cities unborn
Crowding the shores of a shimmering sea;

Bring to the soul of a man of the hills
Harrowing winds from the canyons of snow,
Give him to know in the thing that he wills
Men can be gods though they suffer below;
Show him the stars where they set on the rim
Crowning the granite that lifts to the blue,
Tune the great chords of his soul to the hymn
Sung by the planets the living night through;

Douglas Leader Durkin

Give to the soul of a man of the north
Faith in the blood of an unwithered race,
Joy in the labour of infinite worth,
Vigour that grows to an exquisite grace;
Breathe on him tales of his grim-visaged sires,
Teach him the curse of a kingdom in thrall,
Fill him with hate for a nation of liars,
Quicken his heart with a clarion's call;

*Then, with the odds ten to one, bid him stay,
Face the hell-horrors or welter in blood,
Holding the line with the legions at bay,
And he'll die in his night or he'll live in his day,
But they'll know that he stood!*

THE RIP O' HADES

WOULD you hear a little story,
(Not a bang-up tale o' glory)
But a bit of good enough, sir, just the same—
How a poor soul, damned for fair,
Took his summons, made his prayer,
Cashed in sudden, closed his eyes and quit the game?

He was born in stormy weather when the stars were out
of tune,

When the Lord of Heaven blundered in his ways,
Just a soulless rip o' Hades farrowed in a luckless moon
From a dame who loved the devil all her days.

There was never priest to bless him, there was never
kiss of maid,

There was never virgin smile to wish him well;
There was just a throb of passion from a low-born
drunken jade

Ere she signed her own eternal soul to Hell.

When he drank the milk of venom from a vampire's
poisoned dugs,

When he lisped his first low curses to the skies,

Douglas Leader Durkin

When he went to school to Fortune, ate with harlots,
slept with thugs,

Primed his soul on petty crimes and devil's lies;
When he stacked the cards with Heaven, when he tossed
the dice with Death,

There was never God nor Christ nor woman's love;
But the Circumstance that damned him when he drew
his first faint breath

Wrote his record for the Book of Life above.

When he trailed the crowded city, shared his booty with
the gang,

Crawled to hiding from the law that man had made,
He was still a soulless devil biding still his time to hang,
Doomed to die the death of Hell—but unafraid!

He was still the hound of Hades, hunting still the devil's
game,

With the brand of Satan seared upon his brow,
Still the low, ditch-farrowed issue of a thing without a
name,

Snatching blessings from his curse of Here and Now.

When he joined the brown battalions, set his face to
meet the dawn,

Where the vandal-lust of princes gathered toll,
Never call of Christian duty drew his jaunty spirit on,
Never sacred thought or impulse stirred his soul;

There was ne'er a farewell token, ne'er a prayer to God
above,

There was ne'er a wish of luck or fond good-bye;
But the hungry kiss of passion from his little light o'
love

And a half-shed tear that lingered in her eye.

When he left his Flemish billet, took his turn within
the line,

He could smile at slush and slime and beds of mud;

Douglas Leader Durkin

Though he railed at God Almighty, he could stand and
never whine,

He could rush in hell-to-split through fields of blood ;
He could wriggle out to No-man's Land and join the
phantom host

Where the dead arose and stalked about in white ;
He could roll a quid beneath a flare or tango with a
ghost,

He could dally where the bullets ripped the night.
When he waited for the morning, when he stood to in
the gloom,

While the dizzy shock of thunder woke the night,
When he heard the dogs of vengeance barking out their
iron doom,

All his heart was up with passion for the fight.
He would whistle 'Tipperary' when he heard the bullets
whine,

He would caper when the saucy Maxims whirred ;
He would curse the tardy captain when he held the
eager line,

He was first up when the captain gave his word.

When we charged them at the double he was first across
the field,

He was first to use his steel upon the Hun ;
He was last to stay his fury when we saw the Bosches
yield,

And he damned them all for dastards when we won ;
Then he railed in ribald challenge, we would meet them
one to four,

And he turned to chide the captain for his stand,
But behind us in the open lay the captain in his gore,
Striving still to voice a word of stern command.

Then we heard this rip o' Hades fling his curse at God
above

As he tossed his pelt and tunic to the ground ;
With a parting prayer to heaven for his little light o' love,

Douglas Leader Durkin

He was up and out of cover at a bound;
He was raked with zipping bullets, but he mocked them
with his grin;

Then we saw him fall—"They've got me, boys!" he
cried;

But before he crawled to cover he had lugged his cap-
tain in—

Then he cursed his luck infernal—and he died!

So you've heard the little story—

Call it not a tale of glory—

It's a story something worth, sir, just the same;

Though his words were devil's lies,

Somewhere tears in woman's eyes

Plead God's mercy on a man who played the game.

THANKSGIVING

A WAR-LORD sat in his place apart

And smiled to himself in his ease;

The struggle was over, the victory bought,

The guns were all silent, the battles all fought,

And he felt of himself in his pride, and he thought,

'I have lengthened my shores—I have widened my
seas!'

And he thanked his good God from his heart.

A woman sat in her place apart

And sobbed in her sorrow alone;

The men of the town had come home from the fray—

Not all of the men—it is ever the way;

And she mused to herself in the gloom of her day,

'I have still got my soul—I will keep it my own!'

And the good God thanked her from His heart!

W. A. Fraser

Widely known as a novelist and short story writer. Author of 'The Eye of a God,' 'Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries,' 'The Outcasts,' 'Thoroughbreds,' 'The Blood Lilies,' 'Brave Hearts,' 'Thirteen Men,' 'The Lone Furrow,' 'The Three Sapphires,' etc. 'The Outcasts,' as an animal story, has rarely been equalled. William Alexander Fraser was born and educated in the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia. Has lived in New York, Boston, India, and in the Canadian Northwest. Is now a resident of Toronto.

THE DAY

HERE'S to the day, Kaiser, when you shall die
And pass into that living death that outlasts life.
There is not glory, but eternal gloom for you:
For you the gourd of life has held but poisoned wine;
Its ashes of regret lie crusted on your lips.
Beside the leper of the world you stand outcast—
Beside the Turk.

You leave the imprint of destruction where you pass;
The unborn children of your brutish tribes
Shall rise to curse you in the days to come.
Since when loves God a thief—the slayer of a child—
That you should blazon on your belted Huns
In blatant blasphemy, 'Gott mit uns'?
Alone the Turk's with you.

But broken fragments of that bauble Fame are yours,
The graves are many and the land is dead.
Drape o'er the doors the sombre colours of your Prussian
flag,
Where lie in death the old and young,
Where weep within the mothers of the sons,
And you, 'War Lord,' cannot return one life.
Not kin of God, you, but of the Turk.

The land is dead!

The mills turn slowly, for the corn is less;
The sails flap idly, for the way is closed;
The waters lap lean, hungered hulks;
The quays are sombre with the tools of war;
Faith lies shattered in the souls of men;
Worms channel through the God of Might.

With foot on neck you mounted 'Uber Alles'
The human stepping-stones you labelled swine—'schwine-
hund.'

Their souls, are they, too, with the swine—'schwine-
hund'?

And you expect the lips that wail in anguish for their
dead

To frame a glad acclaim when you in splendour pass—
You, and your friend, the Turk.

Small greatness this, to bring a people to their knees,
To bow the heads of men to walk in shame,
To putrify their fame—to thrust them back in lust,
And nourish in their hearts the crime of Cain;
Unmask the strident cry of culture as a lie,
Loose within the garden of the world your viper breed,
Unleash that pariah, the Turk.

The net draws closer and your glass is run;
Much hushed the clamour of your pirate song.
Unfathered, from despair, your cry,
'We clogged the fount of pity with their blood,
We closed Thy gates of mercy, Lord,
But in our hour of need make Peace,
I do not know the Turk.'

John W. Garvin

Editor-Author of 'Canadian Poets.' Editor of 'The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford.' Eldest living son of the late David Garvin (a native of Armagh county, Ireland) and Melissa Lemon, of Vespra township, county of Simcoe, Ontario. Honour Graduate of the University of Toronto, and an ex-Inspector of Public Schools. Contested West Peterborough in the Conservative interest, for the Ontario Legislature, in the campaign of 1897-98. 'Director and General Sales Manager' of a Toronto securities corporation.

WORLD WAR

September, 1914

VAST hosts of armed men are aflame
With hatred and murderous lust,
And civilization's a name
Half buried in ruins and dust,
While check-mating kings play the game
Of envy, vain-glory, mistrust.

Death still is the wages of sin:
The dead lie in winrows like corn;
All hell with its thunderous din
Is loosened afresh every morn;
While homesteads and quivering kin
Are desolate, drear, and forlorn.

Thou Infinite Breather of Stars
That jewel Thy Face in the night,
Protect with omnipotent bars
Thy *manifest selves* in their plight;
Forgive ineffaceable scars,
The wounds of inglorious fight!

THE GRIND

FATE grinds the blade of life,
On his swift-whirling wheel;
This sharpens it for strife,
But wears away the steel.

THE GRIP OF THE DEAD HAND

O SEE them arching grimly as you feel
Those fingers long and slim and cold and real
That grip the world about with hoops of steel!

War's mortgage on the nations, and its toll
Of boldly gallant lives that must enroll,—
A deathly gripping thing upon the soul.

Religious dogma, still a burning hoop:
Heresy falcons downward fiercely swoop
On every chick that chirps beyond the coop.

A durance deadlier that rubs the raw
And stifles Justice in the courts of law,
Is hoary Precedent with ape-like jaw.

And Vice incarnate keeps his luring den,
Draining the tainted blood of erring men,—
A smiling Vampire baffling sword and pen.

The little finger is a lighter load:
'Tis etiquette and fashion's changing code,—
A ribboned whip,—sometimes a pricking goad.

O Grip of the Dead Hand! In your palm lie
Strong sons of men, aflame to reach the sky
On Wings of Life, unclipped before they fly.

NEVER AGAIN

October, 1914

NEVER again shall the Sword's swift steel
Redden the soil of the world!
Never again shall the Dreadnought's keel
Trouble the waves foam-hurled!
For down in the deep of the hearts of men
And up on the spirit's height,
The dense, dark clouds are lifting agen
And there is light!

John W. Garvin

Never again shall a War-Lord dread
Throttle industrial peace!
Never again shall Ambition's tread
Trample the fields' increase!
For the Toilers, strong in the love of right,
In the hate of ills that mar,
Will rise in their multitudinous might
And conquer—War!

RIGHT IS MIGHT

HOW you braved the Moral Law
Without fear!
But your eyes the Victor saw,—
In his beauty not a flaw—
As he pierced you thro' the raw
With his spear.

How you struggled, how you wrought,
For the spoils!
But the fiercer that you fought
To possess the treasure sought,
All the faster were you caught
In his toils.

Yield your battered sword and shield
To his might!
When your bleeding wounds are healed,
Join his forces in the field,
And the Sword of Honour wield
For the Right!

MAJESTY

THIS old, old Mother of the Years!
To her warm bosom pressed in strong embrace,
As on thro' space,
A million miles a day she beats her wings,
And softly sings
Her grace-note in the music of the spheres.

John W. Garvin

What majesty to sit in state
And view the glorious pageantry sublime
Of fleeting time,
And marvel at the wondrous inner Light,
So infinite
To photograph Creation and relate!

Forth shine, immortal Mind, forth shine,
Supreme creation of the Universe,
And cease to curse
The petty, irksome ills of earthly life
By *hateful* strife,
When all eternal verities are thine!

THE PENDULUM

*Written and published in 'The Mail & Empire,' Toronto, August,
1914.*

MARS tramps the world with rampant stride,
And shells like hail descend;
Strong men are grappling in their pride,
And will not yield or bend;
While mothers, wives, and children fair
Pray God to keep them from despair.

The Law of Love, the Law of Life,
That drives the Universe,
Impels the soul to ceaseless strife,
To good, or evil's curse:
The Pendulum that swings this mood
Shall swing again an equal good.

As fiercely they are battle-hurled,
War's legions may presage
The federation of the world,
For peace and juster wage,
For all that makes diviner plan
Evolving godlike Superman.

ALL'S WELL

ALL is well and never worse,—
God is in His Universe.
Evil is a human tide,—
Devil when personified—
Lust and Ignorance the cause,
Battling Universal Laws.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Amended for Canadians

GOD save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king!

God save our Canada,
Silver-crowned Canada,
God save the king!
Strength'ning Imperial ties,
Let her triumphant rise
Strong nation, great and wise,
God save the king!

God save our brothers brave,
Serve they on field or wave,
God save the king!
Guard Thou the Motherland,
Guard Thou the Empire grand,
Hold in Thy mighty Hand,
God save the king!

Benjamin A. Gould

A Toronto manufacturer since 1903. Author of 'The War Thoughts of an Optimist,' 'The Greater Tragedy,' etc. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, A.M., LL.B. (Harvard), was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1870, son of Benjamin Apthorp and Mary (Quincy) Gould. Became a naturalized British subject in 1917. Has been a strong supporter of the Entente Allies.

THE AIRMAN

TEN thousand high I boldly fly,
A darting speck against the sun;
Who dares my path must meet my wrath,
The dread staccato of my gun.

With eagle eye the ground I spy,
And mark the foeman's toilsome line,
Fearless, elate, master of fate,
Drinking the ozone's anodyne.

I swoop, I dive, alert, alive,
And mock the Germans' hate-spiced hells;
With steady sight I guide the flight
Of our great civilizing shells.

The stinging, rare and dustless air,
The thrill of never equalled speed,
The sense of power, make my brief hour
Worth ages spent on lesser need.

And if at last my lot be cast,
And hurtling downward to the fray
Swift end be mine, do not repine,
Suffice it, I have known my day.

Enough I saw the higher law,
Enough my glorious game I played,
Enough I die in my blue sky
Self-justified and unafraid.

H. Isabel Graham

Miss H. Isabel Graham of Seaforth, Ontario. Born at Harp-urhey, Ontario, daughter of the Rev. William G. Graham and Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. John Gouinlock. Both parents were natives of Scotland. Educated in local schools, and at the Toronto College of Music. Author of 'A Song of December and Other Poems,' 'Fifty Years of Presbyterianism in Egmondville,' etc.

TO AN INVALIDED SOLDIER

I HONOUR you because you played the man
And hero in the world's great, deadly fray,
Choosing to suffer, rather than to fan
The selfish flame that burns in human clay.

I honour you because you struck a blow
For the defenceless; you unsheathed the sword
To lay the Tyrant's pride and power low,
That Britain might redeem her plighted word.

I honour you, and pray that God may keep
Your soul unsullied through the daily strife;
That you a million-fold reward may reap,
Both here and in the joyous after-life.

THE CHRISTMAS SHIP

THE Christmas Ship, the Christmas Ship
Has spread her snowy wings,
And floats afar, like some bright star
Freighted with fairy things.
And curly heads lie soft tonight
In castle and in cot,
For little folks are proud to share,
And none will be forgot.

The Christmas Ship, the Christmas Ship,
That golden ship at sea,
With pennons blue and sailors true,
A bounteous barge is she.
All fashioned by such loving thought
And piloted by prayer,
While homeless children dream at night
Of what her cargoes bear.

The Christmas Ship, the Christmas Ship,
What dollies and what dreams!
'Twould make the hardest heart expand
And burst its self-bound streams.
And, as the stockings hang in rows
Beside the blazing fire,
Bright seraphim will come at eve
And grant each child's desire.

The Christmas Ship, the Christmas Ship,
How holy it appears,
Laden with toys and endless joys
To dry these children's tears!
In that sad land where little ones
Have grown like aged men,
So weighted down with woe, but lo!
The Christ-child comes again.

He's Captain of that Christmas Ship,
And Santa's at the prow;
As merrily it speeds along
Hearts will be happy now.
For love has looked in sorrow's eyes,
Child hands have bridged the main,
The deadly din of battle dies,
For Christ has come again.

Katherine Hale

'Katherine Hale' is the pen-name of Mrs John W. Garvin of Toronto, author of 'Grey Knitting and Other Poems,' 'The White Comrade and Other Poems,' 'The New Joan and Other Poems,' etc. She was born and brought up in Galt, Ontario, the eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs James Warnock. She has attained distinction in literary and music criticism, poetry, short stories, essays, and in literary and song recitals. Her poem, 'Grey Knitting,' has been widely copied, and is included in several anthologies.

THE AWAKENING

HOW like a giant stretching in the sun,
We have slept through the ages; even we
Whom the gods moulded for a people free,
And made tremendous for the race not run.

See we have slept a magic cycle round,
And in the dream we have imagined much;
Felt the soft wings of years we did not touch,
Dallied with somnolence that deadens sound.

With untried strength what we have done is done.
The wandering, drowsy brain has vaguely stirred,
As though from out infinitude it heard
A great voice speaking from behind the sun.

Closer and clear the calling, strangely loud,
And the great country, rousing from long sleep
Murmurs to its own soul, as deep to deep
Beckons a day's new dawn, so sure and proud.

These were the visions of a passing night,
Visions now caught in bugle notes of flame,
*And lo, through storms of war we hear our name
Called by an angel, terrible and bright!*

GREY KNITTING

SOMETHING sings gently through the din of battle,
Something spreads very softly rim on rim
And every soldier hears, at times, a murmur
Tender, incessant,—dim.

A tiny click of little wooden needles,
Elfin amid the gianthood of war;
Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
Who weave the web afar.

Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
'This is our heart's love,' it would seem to say,
'Wrought with the ancient tools of our vocation,
Weave we the web of love from day to day.'

And so each soldier, laughing, fighting,—dying
Under the alien skies, in his great hour,
May listen, in death's prescience all-enfolding,
And hear a fairy sound bloom like a flower—

I like to think that soldiers, gaily dying
For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
May hear the tender song of women's needles,
As they fall fast asleep.

THE HEARTS OF MOTHERS

THE hearts of mothers are hid things
In these the days of woe,
And troops of strange thoughts move therein
Silently to and fro.

They are not thoughts of yesteryear,
Or thoughts of you and me
And that which we have done, or do,
By air, or land, or sea.

Katherine Hale

But these are thoughts steel-bright with pain,
And death-thoughts bare and stark,
And shining thoughts of armaments
That glitter through the dark.

They move, old passions and revolts,
Fresh-called, yet stiff with scars,
To music crimsoned with the clash
Of endless ancient wars.

And those who summon memories
From pathways of the sun,
When death spoke life most solemnly
Ere new life was begun,

They dream of a strange blooming
That dawns in greater birth:
The frail, bright flower of selflessness
Brought back again to earth.

They feel, the Givers of all Life,
Great need to give again
The utmost dower of womanhood,
All mystery—all pain.

LONDON

A Canadian soldier, returned to 'Blighty,' speaks

THE day we came to London! Oh, how strange
To see the City-of-the-World like this!
Our dreams had been of London. Not 'the sights'
But that young London that young hearts explore,
The Music Halls, the roads, the sleepy Inns,
Where old Romance is felt anew each day.
This was to be our London.

Thus we came:

We came as cattle come, when packed too tight
In some barbaric car of ancient mould;
We came not driven with whips, nor massed in crowds,
But driven by bitter pain and almost dead
From faintness of our wounds. We came
From siege and rapine, plunder and hell-fire,
From thunders never ceasing, from swift death,
From screams and cries, and parting gasp of souls,
And from supremest vision given to man.
This way we came to London.

Oh, my friends,
We touched white cliffs upon a summer day,
Pain-blinded, minds befogged, we rode along
That ancient-traversed way of all the world.
And, slowly, as the evening shadows fell
We reached old Paddington. Were driven out
In shabby cabs, through misty, half-lit ways,
Into a great wide Place, from whence small streets
Wandered zig-zag with no apparent plan,
Yet knew we were at home.

I still can feel
The cab stop for a moment, and a face
Peer in the open window. 'Twas a mask
Set in a flowered hat. With awful eyes
She stared, and asked, and answered in a flash:
'Ah, well! You're nearly dead, poor dears, but I—
I, who am here forever, come again.'

And then we drifted on, and soft grey walls
Held us a moment to dissolve in mist.
Once at a turn I saw the Abbey rise
And once the outstretched arms of giant trees.
Sometimes a light, but always murmurous noise
Not so much hoof-beat, motor-hum or cry,
As vibrancy of voices, far and near,

Katherine Hale

A myriad-mingled sound of many men.
This, and a strange new vision of the heart,
A love just dawning, an age-old surprise,
A sudden turning to those splendid arms
That are forever open. Thus we came
Broken by war, home to her splendid arms.

THE MOTHER

MY son sails high—
His ocean, azure air :
He in the shining sky—
And swift Death everywhere.

His ardent youth
Explores a strange new sea
As if even Death, forsooth,
Were rare good company.

And my dear heart,
Each moment that you fly
Is a dull eon apart
In my soul's agony.

This autumn wind
Treacherous, hungry,—chill,
Those laughing wings may find
And rend, and still.

The earth-force, strong,
Ready to lure your bark,
May hum a homing-song
And draw you to the dark.

O golden Fire,
Whose course is never run,
Outshine all dark desire
And keep my son !

SOUL OF THE EARTH

I SAW a tired soldier vainly searching
For room to bury deeply the new dead.
'The old dead they are there, forever perching
About the space we need,' he grimly said.
'The old dead, slaughtered, just beneath the sod
Of Earth that once was well-beloved of God.'

I heard a woman desperate in her wooing
Of empty space and echoing aisles of air,
Calling upon the gods of her undoing
To stem the fearful flood of her despair.
'Somewhere in France he lies so deep,' she said,
'That Earth must make me answer for my dead.'

And all the while a wondrous bloom was springing
Above the fields where lie these broken boys,
Thousands of souls like butterflies upwinging
In troop on radiant troop of shining joys.
Host upon host they seek eternal breath
Above the little mounds of lonely death.

'Thus,' saith the Earth, 'my poppies pass in splendour,
Flame of young hearts, for still my world is young,
And in great Ages, wise because more tender,
The passion of their passing shall be sung.
Ask of these Ages! For the soul of me
Knows endless blooming—vivid, changing, free.'

THE WORLD RENEWED

IT is a new world that my feet must tread,
New, though the hurrying ages call it old,
While fields that yesterday were cloth-of-gold
Are all dissolving, like a film half-fled.

Katherine Hale

The wondrous 'stage' of life, its mimic joys;
The deft accomplishment, the bubble fame;
Statecraft bedecked as a career, a name;
Art as a servitor that wealth employs—

These were the worlds our mothers counted new,
These were the ways we still had kept our own,
Until Eternal Law from His high throne
Melted our world in sudden fire, and dew.

And lo, as in old days we ride again,
Fearless of flame, upon an ancient quest,
That we may bring Love home, no longer guest
But Love Triumphant, ever to remain.

See the bright banner a new Day outflings;
It shall be ours to hold it high and white.
Again a Voice! And out of dawning light
The deathless soul of Joan through us sings:

*Spirit of Life, radiant and glad and free,
Come, as of old, be born again of me.
Through me recover that which man has lost,
Mine was the making, mine the precious cost.
Out of my body come the sons of men,
Into my keeping give their souls again,
And let me make this world God's little room
Wherein Love's splendours live again and bloom.*

THE WHITE COMRADE

The concluding lines

AND so, my friends, this word I bring to you
Hot from the hell of conflict whence I come,
Where life and death, binding men's spirits close,
Have sealed a certain knowledge on our souls.
Christ has come back to earth in these great days,

I, but a young Canadian, tell you this.
The stories of our battles,—Neuve Chapelle,
St. Julien, Festubert, and all the rest—
They have been told already scores of times,
Sung, written, painted, burned in words of flame.
My words are homely as a tallow dip,
As crude as that, but just as stoutly true.
Christ has come back to earth in these great days,
He has come back, as in the centuries past
He suddenly appeared upon the streets
Of old Judean towns. Let people talk
Of ancient creeds and dogmas as they will,
That helps not, hinders not, the vital truth
That one young man in his most ardent youth
So loved life, felt life, understood its laws,
So took pain to his heart, so took great love,
And knew that pain and love are always one,
And knew that death can be lived through to life,
Till he commanded death, and death obeyed.

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain.
He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)
And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go.
Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones
He comes—not death at all, but radiant life,
Comes in the eyes of comrades, lives in hearts
That give all, taking nothing in return.
He is a rumor and a far white light,
He is the singing bird, the children's flute
That called us wooing forth to give our all.
The floating glad things of the buoyant air,
Young earth's warm children, music and delight,
Live in His eyes: those deathless azure eyes,
That smile upon the moment we thought hard,
And turn our sacrifice to kindling light.
They pass through radiant gates on whom He smiles.

S. Frances Harrison

(Seranus)

Mrs J. W. F. Harrison of Toronto. Author of 'Crowded Out and Other Sketches,' 'Pine, Rose and Fleur De Lis,' 'The Forest of Bourg-Marie' (a novel), 'In Northern Skies and Other Poems,' 'Ringfield' (a novel), etc. Born in Toronto, February 24th, 1859, daughter of John Byron Riley. Educated in a private school for girls, and later, for two years in Montreal. Ranked in early womanhood as a professional pianist and vocalist. A composer of music. As a poet her fame rests chiefly on her pen pictures, in villanelle form, of French-Canadian character and life. They are unique in their originality and interest.

THE MOTHER

OUT of the bitter, the sweet;
Out of the pain, the joy;
Out of the mists, the morning star;
Out of my travail, my boy.

Out of old flesh, new flesh;
Out of old bone, new bone;
Out of my side, my treasure and pride;
My breast his earliest throne.

Stiff in the trenches, and stark;
Dead ere the battle was won:
For that which is Right, for Love and Light,
Freely I gave my son.

After the bitter, the sweet;
After the pain, the joy—
I will not falter, nor flinch, nor faint;
Proudly I give my boy.

S. Frances Harrison

BEFORE IT WAS LIGHT

On reading that England's east coast was 'dark' early in the war

LIGHTS are out from Shields to Whitby, and there burn
no bonfires red

High on Cromer or on Saltfleet or on bold Flamborough
Head;

Grimsby, Harwich, Wells, and Lowestoft, shine no
longer on the deep,

England's shores are grimly guarded, gravely sentinelled
to sleep.

Coast and isle are thick enshrouded lest an enemy might
mark

Cottage lamp or castle beacon beckoning stilly in the
dark. . . .

'Tis a new thing for England, the country of the free,
'Tis a strange thing for England, but so—so let it be!

Let it be a little longer till the turning of the tide,
Till the talk of foul invasion and of fusillade subside;
Lest the foe, marauding, ravish, and on humble homes
encroach,

For the sake of wives and children to be 'dark' is no
reproach.

Lights will glimmer all the gayer for the hours en-
sombred now,

When the battle rage has wasted, when the sword gives
place to plow,

Every hearth shall bear its blazon, every pane with candle
set

Shall irradiate the glooming and illumine Old England
yet.

From the North Sea came a peril o'er a thousand years
ago,

And the peril changed to bounty, as a friend is made
from foe.

S. Frances Harrison

From the North Sea comes a peril? Front it, Britons,
yet again,
With the same old fighting instinct, in the same old
Viking vein.

In the moment of her triumph, when the answering
cannon roar,
When the wireless weaves a greeting, when the hillside
rockets soar,
When the shafts of death have slackened, when the
sands of war have run,
Let her think upon her children far away against the
sun.

Not alone she trod the Valley, not alone she set her
teeth
To the gripping of her Empire; ere she cast away the
sheath
Sons and daughters rallied round her sternly girt for
quick affray
From the rocks of the Atlantic to the gates of Mandalay.
Hearts are hers that never saw her, thoughts are hers
that often leap
From the circle of the prairie to the crested wavelets'
steep;
Deeds are hers, the will to do them, when the fiends of
war break loose,
Little fear that we, her children, should proclaim dis-
honest truce.

Let her shade her eyes long dazzled by the searchlight's
blinding glare,
Let her dream in grateful transport of a land both broad
and fair,
Triple-sown for ample harvest, acres golden, acres green,
Waiting only for the reapers she shall send her own
demesne.

S. Frances Harrison

Let her look beyond Arabia, where the soul of India
 charms,
Jewelled Rajah, praying Dervish, rose upon the call to
 arms;
With us paced our faithful brothers from the land of
 palm and teak,
Stately Hindoo, sinewy Sepoy, dusky Gurkha, subtle
 Sikh.

Not alone she treads the Valley, not alone she lifts the
 sword,
Kith and kin are marching with her as they face the
 foreign horde,
But the enemy is wary; in the North Sea lurk his ships—
*'Hide the lantern; draw your shutters; put away your
 penny dips.'*

*For the sake of wives and children and the little fishing
 smack,
Let the lighthouse veil its glory, let the coming night be
 black,
Courage matched with courage truly has been long the
 British way,
Match the Teuton now in cunning—caution yet may save
 the day.'*

Lights are out from Shields to Whitby, and there burn
 no bonfires red
High on Cromer or on Saltfleet or on bold Flamborough
 Head;
Deal and Walmer, Sutton, Yarmouth, shine no longer on
 the deep,
England's shores are grimly guarded, gravely sentinelled
 to sleep.

Lionel Haweis

A talented English poet who was for some time a planter in Ceylon. Migrated to Vancouver in 1907, and is now on the library staff of the University of British Columbia. Born in 1870. Educated at Marlborough College and King William's College. Eldest son of the late Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. His mother was a daughter of the artist, Thomas Musgrove Joy. Both parents were authors. Has a volume of lyrics and several dramas ready for publication, in which is felt the influence of the colour and passion of the East.

BELGIUM

BELGIUM! . . . thou whose one
And only arrogance it was to urge
The sanctity of tokens, and invoke
Inviolable performance of the word,—
Standing impawned to battle in the dark
For incontestable truth. . . .

Bar-lass of France's honour as thine own!
Bar-lass of all the Lilies of the World! . . .

Thine is the portion that redeems, as thine
The crying in the night that shook our hearts:
'Slay thou me first—then pass!' . . .

All for a watching world's crossed honour, lest
It perish utterly, lacking thy stroke
Of daring, which went down in bloody surge. . . .

Thou, for one righteous and remedial end hast shed
Such chrism of oblation tears and blood as, in the sum
Of things accounted godly needs must purge
The world's arbitrament of arms—arms—arms—
'Arms and the Man'—his brute appeal to arms
In the long parliament of years to come!

II

Turn, then, thy death-crossed eyes
Toward that quivering star's symbolic fires

Fixed in the heaven of all sorrowing hearts;
And while thy great wound smarts
With hopes defeated and enslaved desires,
Behold the splendour of thy sacrifice!

Shame ploughs the earth for graves; but when this gloom
Of godlessness shall pass from the deep sky
Of man's disorder, and the battle-cry
Of hate die down—if memory of that shame
Can ever die—rather a memory crowned
With everlasting thorns and deathly spume—
What shall be scored upon the battle-ground
Of all humanity but that one name:
‘BELGIUM!’

TO THE FRONT

*“Captain Allen, who died in my arms, gave me this message:
‘Tell the world, especially in Canada where my wife lives, that
I was not killed, but murdered. Also tell the Canadians through-
out the Dominion to rally to the help of the boys at the front
I was taken prisoner by the Germans, and the enemy, being
hustled, dropped me and deliberately shot me in the stomach. I
ask you to tell this to all our people.’”*

HAVE you seen at the Moving Pictures,
At the end of the reel,
The vanishing view of sweethearts
Impressing the seal
Of love on their hearts' profession,
Till only the kiss
Was left—*et praeterea nihil*. . . . ?
Now listen to this:

Reverse it! Imagine the darkness,
Then a point of light
Which larger and brighter and rounder
Arouses the sight;
And the view you'll see is a soldier
With labouring breath

Lionel Haweis

In league, for the sake of his message,
With the shadow of death.

'Take it down—not much to remember,
And—you're the right sort—
You're white—you'll see that it gets there—
For it's devilish short.
They got me—but our fellows were coming,
And didn't they melt!—
They got me—but dropped me—then shot me
Here—under the belt.

'Get it down, but Lord! there's the missus!
Oh, well I don't know—
She's a brick . . . end to end of the country—
Let it go—let it go!
I want all the boys—the Dominion—
To pile on the coals;
I want it—to *scorch in their faces*
And *burn in their souls!*

'And tell 'em—oh! tell 'em to hurry
And share in the brunt
We're bearing—we want every jack man
Of 'em all at the front . . .
That's all—get it down like a good 'un—
Let me down by the head,—
By God! but I wouldn't have missed it . . .'
And he sinks on the bed.

But the vision already is shrinking
As the patriot dies;
And the people get onto the side-walk
With a blink in their eyes . . .
'That's a home-thrust,' cries one, 'from our fellows
Who are bearing the brunt!
'That Allen's a corker, and—damn it!
To the Front! To the Front!'

THE GREAT SURRENDER

*In Memoriam: Canada,—Ypres, Battle of Langemarck,
April 23rd, 1915*

"Then, as you know, we buried our dead; the records began to be made, and the terrible cables started to work on the list of names for home."

I

HEAR, O ye nations! . . .
The wandering billow combs
The tangle of our shores, whose guardian firs
In massed battalions on the folded hills
Sweep up to where our immemorial snows,
Constant themselves, review inconstant seas;
And, as those snows, like and unlike are we . . .

In us their frigid fire reluming stirs
A sparkling memory;
In us, God willing, manifestly shines
Their ancient steadfastness;
Ay, and in us their solemn sanction fills
The promise to endure it. . . .

Natheless we,—more constant even than these,—
Called at our labours from our spacious plains,
Our forests, lakes and mines,
From cities as from mountain-fastnesses—
All hardy precincts where we have our homes;
As never yet now menaced by the pains
And penalties of injury from the foes
Of all nobility, and of us—through ye . . .

Hear, O ye little nations! In His Name
Our gracious Mother called us, and we came!

II

These were our first, our best, a nation's wealth
Of manhood poured, our hostage of endeavour;—
We watched them till a hardier, holier health,

Lionel Haweis

The sign of service, mellowed in their faces,
We watched them wondering who should fill their places,
When, and in whatso case, they perished ever.

Our steel roads bore them eastward to the sea,
Our steel ships haled them to their sight of glory;
Godspeed we waved as bright as steel could be;
But when we turned the steel was in our faces . . .
We turned and wondered who could fill their places;
We watched and waited—waited for the story.

And there was steel in every inch of it! . . .
As for that other, we knew but dared not own it . . .
The wires—the burning wires! But bit by bit
The story trickled through at last . . . our faces—
We watched each others'—others in our places—
Places of anguish—anguish to have known it.

We could not picture everything we thought . . .
Name after name, and every new name nearer
And dearer for the two or three we sought;
Till—there they stared us boldly in our faces,
With all the letters writhing in their places,—
Writhing alive, and—nothing could be clearer.

And all was said that could be said—all done . . .
Here was the end our coward hearts had hinted—
A soldier's end our coward eyes would shun . . .
Peace! Would ye mourn the old familiar faces?
Mourn for yourselves who praised them to their places—
As plain as tears can blur or type could print it!

III

Almighty God, receive them! In Thy Name
Their mighty Mother called them, and they came . . .

And us, who mourn our weakness where they lie—
Teach *us* to live, Who gavest *them* to die!

Ernest H. A. Home

An English poet who came to Canada in 1913, to engage in farming. Enlisted in the Spring of 1917, but was discharged the following year, on account of an injury received whilst training. Has three brothers at the Front. Born at Hastings, England, August 25th, 1884; of Scotch descent on his father's side. Educated in the Private School of his father, Mr Harry Home. Lives at Princeton, Ontario.

YOUTH

ERECT you walked—a prideful sight—
Between the handles of the plough;
In your dark eyes Adventure's light,
Adventure's kiss upon your brow.

I knew they fretted you and galled—
The bonds that bound you to the clay;
You gave your hands when duty called,
But your young heart was far away.

Then came the war, and you were freed;
Blue jeans were cast aside—and now,
Because of our dear country's need,
Old hands again must guide the plough.

Old hands again must ply their trade;
Old lips must calm the women's fears;
Old eyes will seek the kindly shade
And blink away their foolish tears.

O son, you act a noble part!
But in the pauses of the fight
Where turns your fearless, boyish heart?
Where turns it lad, our lad, tonight?

Ernest H. A. Home

'THE PLACE WHERE OUR ROSES GREW'

'OUR roses—ah, yonder they grew,
(Pierre's old eyes grew dimmer with pain)
Just under that heap, m'sieu,'
Where they never will grow again.

'For the walls of the garden fell.
Though Henri had builded true,
When they came with their flaming shell
To the place where our roses grew.

'Weeds, weeds will inherit the soil—
Tall nettles with toads going through;
But the fruits of our loving toil,
Ah, never again, m'sieu'!

'For my Marie and I are old—
Much older than young m'sieu'—
And our hope and our strength lie cold
In the place where our roses grew.'

EUROPE, 1915—SOUTH AFRICA, 1900

A S blossoms, by an ever-flowing river
Borne out to sea,
Pause for a moment where the sedges shiver
And mourn the bee,
So memories in drifting to the keeping
Of a yet vaster deep
Stay their still passing as the sound of weeping
Falls on their sleep;
And ghostly ships with long-lost crews come sailing
Down the forgotten years—
O God, how swells the symphony of wailing—
Borne on a tide of tears!

Elspeth Honeyman

Miss Elspeth Honeyman has very early in her career as a poet won wide distinction. The fourth stanza of her gripping poem, 'Out There' was used by the United States Government, in their recent Liberty Loan campaign. And poems of hers have appeared in the London Spectator, the London Standard, the New York Times, etc. 'Canada's Answer' was translated into French and distributed in France. Born in Ladnor, B.C., daughter of Mr and Mrs John Honeyman. Educated at All Hallows, Yale, B.C., and at the University of British Columbia. Miss Honeyman is still in her early twenties. Is living now in Vancouver.

CANADA'S ANSWER

HEAR, O Mother of Nations, in the battle of Right and Wrong,

The voice of your youngest nation, chanting her battle-song:

Blood of your best you gave us, gave it that we might live.

Blood of our best we offer, the best of our youth we give.

The price of a nation's manhood we offer to pay the debt—

Did you dream, O Mother of Nations, that Canada could forget?

The price of a nation's manhood—we have counted the bitter cost,

(For whom can we call the victor, if the battle be won or lost?)

We pay, and we pay it gladly—ours is the Empire's need—

And a broken word has never yet found place in Britain's creed.

Elsbeth Honeyman

And when on the side of Justice, Victory takes her
stand,

And a pallid peace is brooding over a broken land,
We shall count the cost but little, glad of the chance to
pay

For a stronger chain of Empire, and the dawn of a better
day.

Go forth, O Mother of Nations, to the battle of Right
and Wrong,

In the strength of your young Dominions, to the sound of
their battle-song.

OUT THERE

OUT there, the salt spray whips
The blood from frozen faces and dumb lips;
Young eyes grow old with watching, hair turns white,
In the long vigils of the North Sea night;
And the white crest of every curling wave
Is the grim headstone of a sailor's grave.

For those who sweep the Seven Seas,
Lord of the Deep, we pray!
If theirs be the Sum of Sacrifice
Grant us the Right to Pay.

Out there, grim fragments lie
In awful heaps beneath the leaden sky,
And Noise unceasing stuns the reeling brain;
Colder than Death, the bullet's sharper pain
Unheeded passes, and with scarce a moan
Young lives go out in the dark, alone.

For those who suffer Death in Life,
Lord God of Hosts, we pray!
If theirs be the Sum of Sacrifice,
Grant us the Right to pay.

Out there, where'er they be,
Wasting with fever by some southern sea,
Braving the heights where mind and senses reel,
Death's icy fingers clutching at the wheel,
Finding at last, unsought, the Great Reward,
They lay their manhood on thine Altar, Lord!

For all who suffer and starve and die
That honour and truth may live—
Shatter our self-complacence, Lord,
And teach us how to give!

MOTHERHOOD, 1916

THE night comes down and the wind is chill,
(Are both my boys asleep?)
Daylight tinges the distant hill,
(Why is it I cannot sleep?)

A passing lad and a whistled tune,
(France is so far away!)
Roses bloom and the month is June,
(The heat is the worst, they say.)

The list was long in the morning's news,
(They are so young to die!)
Which strong heart will the bullet choose—
Where will his body lie?

Boys go clattering down the street,
(Which will come back to me?)
I hear the tramp of the soldiers' feet,
(Dear God, that such things be!)

What will they buy with the blood of men?
(Hearts break, but they do not die.)
Victory, Honour,—and War again?
(Dead faces turned to the sky?)

Main Johnson

One of the editors of 'The Star,' Toronto. Formerly, principal private secretary to the Hon. N. W. Rowell. Born in Hamilton, Ontario. Honour Graduate of the University of Toronto,—English and History Course.

WIND—AND THE DUST OF DEATH

OF all the playmates Willie Proctor had
His favourite was the Wind.
He liked it to caress him, to blow upon his cheeks,
Or, better still,
To tousle all his curly hair.
His mother noticed him
More vibrant, much more zestful
On those days when the wind blew hard.

Young Proctor was brought up among the foothills of
the Rockies,
Where his father owned a ranch.
The lad, when ten years old,
Was riding fiery cayuses,
Which other children feared.
When he was old enough, he took to motor cars,
And frightened men and beasts alike,
By tearing over the sunbaked trails,
As fast and heedless as the wind that he adored.

When William was eighteen,
His father died,
He and his mother left the ranch,
Built a secluded bungalow on mountain slopes,
And there lived quiet lives.

In August of the fateful year,
There came the War.
His mother shuddered,
And began to steel herself for what she felt must come.

Her son, she knew, would go,
And with true mother's instinct,
She knew, beyond a doubt,
The branch of warfare he would choose.
It happened in September;
'I think I'll take a little trip to Europe,'
William said, quite casually one night,
As he was straightening pictures on the wall,
'Into the flying service, I suppose.
You know, I always liked the wind.'

Within six months, his mother read his story in the press.
Somewhere in France, he was flying,
Flying with such vim and such abandon,
That honours showered upon him.

The next news that his mother read,
As she sat beneath the mountain skies,
In the greenish yellow springtime of the mountain woods,
Was the story of his death,
His death among the clouds,
A death in company with his friend, the Wind.

She cabled Europe,
Asking cremation for the body of her son,
The ashes to be sent her
In an urn. . . .

After two months, there reached her bungalow,
On forest sprinkled slopes,
The Sacred Box.
That afternoon, the mother left the house,
And started on an upward climb.
The way was steep;
Huge boulders barred the path,
And jagged fissures lay agape.
The spume of rapids drenched the rocky trail.
A porcupine slunk back behind a ledge of stone,

Main Johnson

And a shrill-voiced marmot,
Invisible on some far peak, whistled lonesomely.
Invisible on some far peak, whistled
Lonesomely.

In the early stages of her climb, the woman was depressed.
Fatigued in body, crushed in spirit, her face expression-
less.

At last, she gained access to open lofty spaces.
A wind,
Gentle, silent and caressing,
Began to blow about her hair.
Her face brightened; fatigue fell from her side.
More tightly still she pressed the Box.

As she clambered up, the wind grew gusty.
The woman seemed intoxicated with its breath.
And then—the mountain peak,
Top-ledge of the world!
As she reached it, first her hair
And then her face
Were bathed in crimson from the sun,
Sinking slowly through a valley,
In the red and purple west.

Scarce fifty feet above her,
White foamy clouds raced past.
On her forehead she could feel their dampness,
Like a mist.
The wind grew to a storm;
It wrenched away the golden pin that had confined her
tie.

The silken ends flew out, straight from the collar,
Pulling and tugging in the gale.

This was her waited omen.
The god of Speed, the Wind-god,
Adored One of her son in life and death,
Was close at hand.
And with his coming, so it seemed to her,

Came mystic music of the air,
Moaning and chanting,
Sighing, singing,
Gloom and melody.

She bowed her head in worship;
And then undid the Box, and took therefrom
A simple Urn.
Slowly, with slowness infinite,
She lifted off the lid,
And put her hand within.

Near the top, she felt
A fine, soft dust.
Blackness of agony blotted all her face,
Black, gripping black, the Black of Death!

But then once more she heard
The singing of the winds.
She felt again the rousing flap-flap of her tie.
No more despair!
Exultant triumph now!

Again her hand went down into the Urn;
Her fingers closed upon the dust.
She drew it forth, and, for a moment, held her arm
Outstretched.
The music, for an instant, ceased.
The very world—stopped in its course,
And all that is—was still.

Then, peal on peal,
Burst forth a glorious symphony,
As thousand times ten thousand winds
Marched past!

Shouting, she opened wide her hand.
The dust leaped out, and swirled away over the abyss,
Midmost in one vast maelstrom,
Escorted by the eddying winds.

Major J. M. Langstaff

Killed in action at Vimy Ridge, March 1st, 1917. James Miles Langstaff, son of the late Dr. James Langstaff, was born at Richmond Hill, Ontario, July 25th, 1883. He had a brilliant intellect. Rarely has his career as a student been equalled. After passing the highest actuarial examinations, he entered law, graduating at Osgoode Hall in 1912, with the Gold Medal and the Van Koughnet Scholarship. As a soldier at the Front—75th Battalion, C.E.F.—he rose rapidly in rank, was mentioned in despatches, and later was recommended for the Military Cross.

THE ANSWER

O THE Tyrant Lord has drawn his sword,
And has flung the scabbard away.
He has said the word that loosed his horde
To ravage, destroy and slay.
‘Then where are those who will dare oppose
The blast of my fury’s flame?’
But a salty breeze swept across the seas,
And back the clear answer came:
‘We have heard the boast of your mighty host,
And slaves will we ne’er become;
Let our deeds declare what our hearts will dare,
We come! We come! We come!’

WAR-SHAPED DESTINY

I NEVER thought that strange romantic War
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood’s dreams I’ve seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter, life,
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet coloured with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy.
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth,
How weak is Fancy’s gloss of Fact’s stern truth!

Lilian Leveridge

Miss Lilian Leveridge of Toronto, author of 'Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems.' Born in Hockering, Norfolk county, England. Came to Canada, when four years of age, with her parents who settled at Coe Hill, Hastings county, Ontario. In 1914, the family moved to Carrying Place, Prince Edward county. Miss Leveridge taught public school for several years. The pathos and tenderness of this poem has touched many hearts. It was written as a tribute to Corporal Frank E. Leveridge who was wounded in action and died in France.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

LADDIE, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dogwood
and daffodils;

For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that
love to roam

Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing' for me
and you,

And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as
white as foam—

We'll carry them all to mother, laddie, over the hills
at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song,
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip
along;

But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its
merry trills,

So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy
hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home.
Can you hear the kingle-klangle of their bell in the
greenwood gloam?

Lilian Leveridge

Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with
you,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as
you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing.
O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him carolling.
The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the
whip-poor-wills—
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit
hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thought-
ful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do,—
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as
you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that
fall,—
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your
country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back
again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your
name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the
blossoms roam
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! 'Somewhere in France' you
sleep,

Lilian Leveridge

Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that
weep.

Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid
down.

You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the
victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine
grown,

As mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single
theme,

As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the
hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to
weep

Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose
keys the angels keep!

Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where
you roam,

Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of
Home.

William Douw Lighthall

The distinguished King's Counsel, author and publicist of Montreal. Born in Hamilton, Ontario, December 27th, 1857, son of W. F. Lighthall, notary, Montreal, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Captain Henry Wright, Chateauguay. Educated at Montreal High School, and McGill University (B.A. and Shakespeare Gold Medalist in English literature, 1879; B.C.L., 1881; M.A., 1885). Married in 1890, Cybel W., daughter of Mr John Wilkes. Advocate, 1881; K.C., 1906. One of the leaders of the Bar in Montreal. Discoverer of the Indian burying ground at Westmount. Ex-President of the Royal Society of Canada. Author of 'Thoughts, Moods and Ideals,' 'The Young Seigneur,' 'The Battle of Chateauguay,' 'Montreal After 250 years,' 'A Prehistoric Hochelaga Burying Ground,' 'A Link in Iroquois History,' 'Hiawatha the Great,' 'The Master of Life,' etc. Edited 'Songs of the Great Dominion' (1889) and 'Canadian Poems and Lays' (1891).

THE GALAHADS

AT summer's noon upon the wilds there crept
An evil shadow, and the wind stood still;
The parks eternal shivered; in the camps
The children's laughter hushed, and 'round the board
Lurked close that shadow of the Prussian crime.
The great star Lucifer had dropt from heaven—
A race, once honoured, boasted in the mire
Of theft and murder; Goethe's crown of light
Rolled from Germania's brow; Kant's majesty
Of skylike conscience like a sky crashed down;
And in the peace of the remotest woods
Reverberated those foul boasts of shame.

Yet faint above the din, on ether borne,
A clear voice rang the ancient battle cries:
'Freedom and honour! truth and chivalry!
St. George, defend thy pledges unto death!
St. George, defend the weak, and save the world!
And all true sons of Britain felt it vain
To live, unless as British knights of old.

Then lo! with reverence and pride we saw
The knights of old appear,—Sir Galahads,
None purer, none more brave. They had been known
Till then but as the schoolboys of the camps,
Carefree and merry, warming elder blood
By pranks of diving, reckless climbing feats
Up sheerest precipices. Trackless wilds
Knew them as tenters. The shy beaver heard
Their paddles unafraid. Widely they ranged
The peaks and dales uncharted, seeking risks
For love of danger and the jest with Death.
Skilled by adventure in a score of arts
Their strength they stinted not to all that asked.
Pleasant they were to look on, clean their speech
And honest-eyed the cheerful countenance.

Ewitchi claimed them. His enchantments fell
Upon them in his woods and ridges wild;
He loved and sent them dreams, asleep, awake,
And spun light threads to reach them o'er the world;
All his rare beauty was their heritage,
And in their hearts he left his mystic call.

Yesterday they were children. Scarcely yet
Knew we they needed less our tender care,
Until some grave look or some manly deed
Warned us the soul was ripe. We pondered then.

So came the world's great need and Honour's call,
And silent, modest, up they rose to serve,—
Then in our wonder we beheld them men
And saw the Knights of Arthur's Table stand
Before us in their sacred panoply.
Little they said and naught delayed their going,
Farewells to launch, canoe, fair lake and range,
A tender word to mother, and forth they fared,
As thousands like them fared from lake and stream,

William Douw Lighthall

Crusaders of the Grail. Rude knights were some
But knightly all: God loves all faithful men.

Their deeds are written on the sun. What need
To tell again how,—equals with the best
Of Britain's and of France's chivalry—
(Equals of those at Mons who taught the hordes
Trusting in guns and numbers, what soldiers were;
Equals of those who at Verdun stood firm
In the long storms of fire);—what need to tell
How ours broke Prussia's heart of cruel pride
At Ypres, Festubert and Courcellette!

Galahads of the camps! For this you learnt
The fearless life and strenuous company
Of the wild North, contempt of hurt and cold,
Joy of unmeasured contest, wit to meet
Emergency, deft skill and steady nerve.
What seemed but sport was training, and the best
Was inner,—loyal will and heart humane.
And in your battles you remembered oft
The mountains of the Land of Manitou.

Some shall return with honour, henceforth called
The heroes of the world. But where are those
Who never shall return?

They saw the Grail
And were caught up to heaven. Where is Lysle,
With eyes of sunlight ever brimming mirth,
Magnet of every heart? Where Edward kind
Who knew no bounds to faithfulness, and bore,
Three times shell-buried, that message to his chief?
Alas! to earthly eyes they sleep afar
In fields of glory famed to end of time.
Yet ever shall they clothe these leafy hills
With visions of the noblest deeds of men
And hold before Canadian youths to come
The quest eternal of the Holy Grail.

THE YOUNG VETERAN

THE boyheart of the soldier!
The friendgrip of his hand!
They warm me like no other
In all our hearty land.

His childlove of his mother
Illumining his strength!
There is no picture fairer
In any journey's length.

His Knightsoul eyes that rode him
Straight into the Crusade!
I know no sunlight clearer
Than those eyes unafraid.

The manglance of the battle,
How terrible to Wrong!
What promise to our country
Rings in his victory song!

The Godsoul in his being
That triumphed over death,
Bringeth the holy Temple
Where'er he wandereth.

Florence Randal Livesay

Mrs J. F. B. Livesay of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Author of 'Songs of Ukraina,' etc. Born at Compton, Quebec, and educated at Compton Ladies College (now King's Hall). Was a journalist for some years. Taught in South Africa for a year after the Boer War. Married Mr Livesay in 1908. Her translations in verse of Ruthenian folk songs have won for her well-merited distinction.

AT VIMY RIDGE

AT Vimy Ridge, that April dawn,
The thunder of the guns boomed on . . .
The foe looked from embankments high . . .
So might Goliath David spy
And scorn the thing he looked upon.

David, my country! 'gainst Goliath's brawn
Pit stark valour—thro' Hell's gates that yawn,
To enter, victors, or to die

On Vimy Ridge!

You who the onset of a day long gone
At Langemarck bore, at Langemarck shone
Like to a star in death's dark sky,
Heard you that jubilant, ringing cry,
At Vimy Ridge?

A DAFFODIL FROM VIMY RIDGE

DAFFODIL, springing from field so grim,
Daffodil, kiss me, kiss me from him
And give me his message! Answer me! Say
How did he fall on that piteous day?

Was it on crest of the highest hill?
Where is he lying . . . *Daffodil?*

'What does it matter? The parapet past
Is he not hero—first i' the breach—last?

'O tender compassion of sun and of rain!
For this we have blossomed on Vimy again—

Florence Randal Livesay

'For this—with our cerements' gleaming grace
We have covered the fallen in every place—

'Yea, with billowy flutter of pale, pale gold
Your dead have we hidden, in love we enfold.

'Though born in dire travail, yet cometh the Spring:
From your lost shall be blossom and bourgeoning!

So his life flowered—bowed to the ground . . .
There are daffodils blooming on Vimy mound.

THE CHILD DANCING TO THE DRUM

'**W**HAT are soldiers made of, made of,
Sweet little maid so gay?'
'Pipeclay and drill the foeman to kill!'
And she laughed as she danced away.

O dance to the sound of the drum, the drum!
It booms down the city street:
'Soldiers, the Soldiers! Here they come!
Dance to the thrumming beat!

'What are soldiers made of, made of?'
Just of men like you.
Men who smile if sad the while
Men whose hearts are true.

O hark to the song of the drum, the drum!
It calls down the city street:
'Soldier, O soldier! won't you come?
Help us!' the Drummers beat.

'What are soldiers made of, made of?'
Strength and spirit and might:
The heart to care, the will to dare,
The body keen for a fight.

O rally to the call of the drum, the drum!
(Yea, follow the childish feet)
'Quit you like men and come, O come!
Help us!' the Drummers beat.

Florence Randal Livesay

FROM A GRAVE IN BELGIUM

"The Amen of Nature is always a flower"—O. W. Holmes.

THE missive comes from overseas—
'It grew,' one writes 'where he is sleeping,
'Twill precious be in your safe keeping.'

The wraith of a dead flower speaks
Not of a grave and its defilement:
Only of love and reconciliation.

And in its stead new buds shall blow—
Like nuns low bending, hour by hour
'Amen!' shall breathe from every flower.

THE LAST OF THE RESERVES

O MY children, in 'Time's meadows playing,
Singing beneath stars!
Night has fallen—the night none can be staying,
Soldiers march to wars.

You were happy and you seemed so young there,
Just two stripling boys;
But your country's call has even rung there,
Blithe you leave your joys.

Of a sudden I am spent and aged,
My life's song is dumb.
Follow, nestlings restless, that were caged,
Fife, and 'heady drum!'

In 'Time's meadows you are aye in shelter,
Safe from war's alarms,
Though you lie amid the battle's welter,
Ravished from my arms.

John Daniel Logan

Sergeant J. D. Logan has recently returned from the Front, where he served as a member of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade. Born in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, May 2nd, 1869, eldest son of Charles and Elizabeth Gordon (Rankin) Logan. Educated at Pictou Academy, Dalhousie University, and Harvard University. Is an A.M. and Ph.D. of Harvard. Was for four years Professor of English and Philosophy, in the State University of South Dakota. Has won distinction as the author of many original and scholarly treatises on academic subjects, as a literary and music critic, and as a poet.

INVOCATION

COME, Happy Dead, up from the phantomed places
Wherein you walk sin-cleansed, strong and serene!—
Come, smiling now as when your friendly faces
Were love-stars in the loneliness terrene!

The world is turmoil, and affrights my soul—
The times are mad, and men live mirthless days;
War's awful discords clang from pole to pole,
And the Bird of Life has ceased his matin-lays.

But I have joy vouchsafed from you who passed,—
Revisitings of your dear forms and faces.
So will I turn away to you at last,
And call you back to me from phantomed places.

Then come, O Happy Dead,—come while I hear
My heart's mute linnets hesitantly tuning:
Steal up the unseen slopes to me, and clear
My songs of Death with tender, wise communing!

RENOUNCEMENT

KISS me good-bye!—
And think not, dear, I love thee less
In that I haste from thy soft charms
At War's reverberant alarms.
I am in bond to other faithfulness:
My country calls me—I must go
To foil my country's direst foe
On far-off fields incarnadined.
But thy too tender love is blind

John Daniel Logan

With fear and cannot see
If that I give myself, I also, dear, give thee.

Kiss me good-bye!—

And let thine eyes be eloquent
Of constant love while I am gone;
And this will be my benison
Midst scenes where death is imminent.
Nay, dear, give me your lips—and have no dread.
But should I fall think me not dead:
Although I yield my mortal breath,
We'll be inseparable in death.

For this must ever be—
If that I give myself, I also, dear, give thee.

SURSUM CORDA

AT the glory-gates of the star-gemmed sky,
In the holy hush of the Easter Morn,
To the race that deemed the world God-lorn,
Sang a white-winged host, chanting clear and high
A hymn of triumph for Man's inspiring—
To quell his doubt and his dread inquiring.

'Oh, Faith,' they sang 'is Life's immutable Musician:
Faith sits serene at God's great organ-keys,
And out of the myriad, mad cacophonies
Of mundane strife and death and devastation
Re-weaveth chords of Paradisal harmonies.

[ing:
'Lift up your hearts, O Men, and cease your low imagin-
Jehovah still is everywhere and still in everything.
Though war-winds wrack and dear blood watereth
The earth, Jehovah lives and guides, nor slumbereth.
On earth ye heed hell's howling discords; we
In heaven hark within the diapason of eternity
The dissonances of finitude and time
Resolved in Love's eternal symphony.
'So list ye with the inward ear.

And also ye shall hear
God's mighty music, solemn and sublime,
Clear cadencing from far and near
Its solace to humanity.
Still Love and Faith in Heaven abide perennially,
And all the noble train of chivalry.
Though Lust and Hatred stalk and slay
The innocent, Hope fails not for the coming of the day
When Right shall kiss the lips of Peace; and still arise
Staunch souls who gladly make the martyr's sacrifice.
But not in vain! The Triumph Song of Love and Death
Into the Symphony Celestial entereth.'

FOR AN ONLY SON

Go thy way, thy son liveth—St. John, 4:50

A DARK road runneth to Avalon,*
The happy valley of Avalon;
And spectral heroes foregather where
The dark road endeth in Avalon:
In the ghostly light they foregather there;
And oft they scan with expectant eyes
The way that windeth to Paradise:
They scan the way for the young and fair
Who fell in battle; and they greet them, 'Hail!
And Welcome, Comrades! to the mystic vale,
The hallowed valley of Avalon.'
For Avalon's vale is the Warrior's Land,
And Avalon's Halls are the Hero's Home;
And God smiles down on the happy band
Of his young true Knights the while they roam
The liliated lawns of fair Avalon.

A river floweth through Avalon,
The happy valley of Avalon;
The spectral Knights and Captains and Kings
Kneel by the river in Avalon,

*The Gaelic Paradise.

And drink deep draughts from the crystal springs.
The waters give them a sweet increase

John Daniel Logan

Of endless youth and pervasive peace;
And the valley rings with their chorusing:—
'Hail, Love that died—and Death, all hail!
Death brought New Life in the lilied vale,
The hallowed valley of Avalon.'
For Avalon's vale is the mystic Land
Of the Ever-Young; in that paradise
God's smile shines down on his Warrior-band,
And the young Knights' laughter cleaveth the skies
In the happy valley of Avalon.

The knightly train by the waters wan
That lave the valley of Avalon,
Spied late, in his manhood's first estate,
A new Knight speeding to Avalon,
Fair was his form, and his step elate;
With eyes a-front and a soldier's mien
He wended his way to the blissful scene.
The valiant Kings and the Captains great
Stood up to greet him; and cried, 'Good hail!
And Welcome, Comrade! to the mystic vale,
The happy valley of Avalon.'
For Avalon's vale is the Warrior's Land,
And Avalon's Halls are the Hero's Home;
And God smiles down on the happy band
Of his young true Knights the while they roam
The lilied lawns of fair Avalon.
Lo, a mother mourns for an only son
Who dwelleth now in far Avalon.
In joy she bore him, in hope she planned,
And recked not the road to Avalon.
But came the day of the Great Demand
For her heart's one pearl above all price,
And she gave her son to the sacrifice.
He lies not dead in an alien land;
From that dread place where his body fell
His knightly spirit passed proudly on
To the warrior-host invisible.

John Daniel Logan

And the Captains mark, in the dusky dawns,
The smile of God gild the rosy scar
On his white young brow to a golden star,
While he roams with heroes the lilled lawns
In the happy valley of Avalon.

WAR'S NEW APOCALYPSE

WHEN I, full-armed, marched forth through Picardy
(Not pleasant Picardy of yore),
The spectacles I saw in Picardy
(In Picardy despoiled by war)
Were not alone the wastes I thought would be,
Nor only deeds I should abhor,
But I beheld in town, in trench, on plain
What may not be on earth again:
The forms of Faith and Hope and Charity
Walk close with Death in Picardy.

The little village homes in Picardy,
Shell-wracked and tenantless and bare,
Gaped lornly at the brown-clad soldiery
That trooped by blithe and debonair;
But near the ruined Chateau Brevigny
I saw three wan-faced women fare
'Mongst wayside graves, smile sweet as holy nuns,
And bless the tombs of martyred sons.
Then I knew Faith had found safe sanctuary
In widowed hearts in Picardy.

The once fair fields of fertile Picardy
(Oh, ruthless was the conqueror!)
Stretched gray and fallow, far as I could see,
Unploughed save by the shards of war;
But when I passed beyond Sainte Emelie
I glimpsed an old man, bent and hoar,
At work afield while shells burst with their dread,
Fell deviltries above his head.
Thus Hope held fast, and wove earth's livery
Of green and gold in Picardy.

John Daniel Logan

The wooded, winding roads in Picardy
That echoed oft to lovers' song
Are now rude, iron trails in Picardy
O'er which brave legions bear along
To where men die for Right and Liberty,
And foemen die for Might and Wrong.
Amid the lust of life insatiate
I overheard no threat of hate,
But I saw Christ in form as Charity,
Speak peace with Death in Picardy.

A SOLDIER'S SHRINES

TWO secret shrines there are for me:—
The one a wayside calvary,

Low-canopied by fir and pine.
And thither oft I steal away,
Kneel penitent and pray.
Christ grants forgiveness, free, divine;
And Mary Virgin, grace benign;
And John, his tender charity.

O welcome wayside calvary,
O calm, secluded shrine,
O sweet retreat of mine,
Whose holy peace brings blissful eucrazy!

Another shrine for me there is,
Recessed, inviolate, within
The ruby chamber of my Love's pure heart;
And only I, her devotee, I wis,
May duly enter in
And supplicate and worship there apart.
Before her dear remembered Image now,
Unworthy worshipper, I bow:
Her winsome graces are my Creed;
Her low, meek speech, my Litany;
Her tender thoughts, my Rosary;
And her '*Absolvo te*,' my strength for holier deed.
O Heart of Mine, O Heart of Mine,
Whose secret chamber is my constant shrine!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

Mrs S. A. R. MacDonald of Ottawa, and the only sister of Major Charles G. D. Roberts (q.v.) Born in the Rectory of Westcock, N.B., February 17th, 1864; and educated at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, and at the University of New Brunswick. Author of 'Dream Verses and Others,' 'Our Little Canadian Cousin,' etc. Her husband, Staff-Sergeant S. A. R. MacDonald, is in charge of the Dispensary of the Canadian Special Hospital, at Ramsgate, England. Her eldest son, Cuthbert Goodridge Roberts, is also represented in this volume.

BETWEEN THE WAKING AND THE SLEEPING

SOFT sounds their drowsy charm repeat;
Remembered songs and voices dear,
Laughter, and lilt of dancing feet,
And bell-notes clanging clear;
But something snaps the spell—and then—
I hear the tread of marching men.

Bright pictures on the dusky wall
Of night the dreamland artists trace,
Castle and tower and ivied hall
And clear-cut cameo face;
But something blurs the sight—and then—
I see the forms of marching men.

Sleep brings no more its old release
From all the cares of day;
Restless we toss, and pray for peace;
Guns thunder while we pray.
When shall the madness pass? Till then
Our hearts beat time with marching men.

A CHRISTMAS STAR

CHRISTMAS chimes across the snow,
Can you ring the old refrain
When the world is seared with pain,
When the lights of joy burn low?
Lovely chimes across the snow,
Ring: 'May Peace be born again!'

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

Hearts that ache amidst the mirth,
Can we sing the songs of cheer?
Those who sang with us last year
Strive afar on alien earth.
All our songs are little worth,
Broken, faltering, thrilled with fear.
Yet—for thought space finds no bar;
Seas may part, but not divide;
Brothers, sons, our Country's pride,
Now we send our greeting far;
Lo, we set our love, a star
In your skies this Christmas-tide!

AUTUMN, 1917

THE rain and the leaves together
Go drifting over the world;
Autumn has slipped his tether
And his flag of death unfurled.

‘Tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow—’
Hear how the grey wind cries!
Tomorrow the stark bare branches,
Tomorrow the steel-cold skies.

The garnet leaves and the golden
Are tossed and trampled and thrown
As the hopes of man when the trumpets
Of crimson war are blown.

Unleashed are the hounds of anguish
That hunt the heart of man
To tear its dream-bright garments,
To rend its valiant plan;

Honour and valour, the priceless
Blood of our heroes slain,—

Shall their offering all be wasted,
Their sacrifice be vain?

No; for the great ideal
For which our hearts have bled
Lives—by each field of honour,
Lives—by our countless dead;

And a wind of Life is blowing,
A golden trumpet calls:—
'Rally—rally—rally,—
Till the dark fortress falls!'

DAFFODILS

THERE are daffodils in the garden,
Dear, in the garden;
Daffodils in the garden where we walked so long ago:
Golden, lovely, row on row,
Just as radiant as of old,—
While we say 'The line will hold
Where our brothers face the foe!'
There are daffodils in the garden.

There are daffodils in the garden,
In the old, safe garden,
Where the shaded paths are waiting and thrushes flute
and call;

Far away, our human wall
Stands, to keep the garden places;
Love of love the dark foe faces
And the standard shall not fall!
There are daffodils in the garden.

Cuthbert Goodridge MacDonald

Eldest son of Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald. Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, May 10th, 1897. Educated in local schools and at the Nelson High School, British Columbia. Resigned from the Civil Service at Ottawa in 1916, to enlist; but because of ill-health he was later honourably discharged. Author of a booklet of verse, 'Armageddon and Other Poems.'

OUT OF THE WEST

*To a Western battalion passing through Ottawa on its way
Overseas*

OUT of the West they come,
Into the East they go,
And ever the throbbing battle-drum
Beats on against the foe.

Along the sunlit street
Rank upon rank they swing,
And the rhythmic tread of their marching feet
Keeps time with the songs they sing.

Though each may have his fears,
Thoughts that he may not tell,
Though the smiles at last be close to tears,
They bid a glad farewell.

Their feet are turning home
From prairie-land and hill:
Whatever paths these men may roam
Their hearts are British still.

O Britain, these are thine,
These are thy heroes true,
Who seek the distant battle-line
To die for love of you!

Out of the West they come,
Into the East they go,
And ever the throbbing battle-drum
Beats on against the foe.

Wilson MacDonald

Born at Cheapside, Ontario, in 1880. Educated at Port Dover Public School, at Woodstock College, and at McMaster University.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

YOU have seen the line of khaki swinging grandly down the street;

You have heard the band blare out Brittanic songs:
You have read a ton of papers and you've thrown them
at your feet,

And your brain's a battlefield for fighting throngs.
You have cheered for Tommy Atkins and you've yelled
for Jack Canuck;

You have praised the French and Belgians, every one;
But I'm rhyming here a measure to the valour and the
pluck

Of the Girl behind the Man behind the Gun.

There's a harder game than fighting, there's a deeper
wound by far

Than the bayonet or the bullet ever tore;
And a patient little woman wears upon her heart a scar
Which the lonesome years will keep for evermore.
There are bands and bugles crying and the horses madly
ride,

And in passion are the trenches lost or won; [side—
But SHE battles in the silence with no comrade at her
Does the Girl behind the Man behind the Gun.

They are singing songs in Flanders and there's music on
the wind,

They are shouting for their country and their king;
But the hallways yearn for music in the homes they left
behind,

For the mother of a soldier does not sing. [foes,
In the silence of the night-time, 'mid a ring of hidden
And without a bugle cry to cheer her on,
She is fighting fiercer battles than a soldier ever knows
And her triumph—is an open grave, at dawn.

Wilson MacDonald

You have cheered the line of khaki swinging grandly
down the street,

But you quite forgot to cheer another line; [their feet,
They are plodding sadly homeward, with no music for
To a far more lonely river than the Rhine.

Ah! the battlefield is wider than the cannon's sullen roar,
And the women weep o'er battles lost or won; [door
For the man—a cross of honour, but the crepe upon the
For the Girl behind the Man behind the Gun.

When the heroes are returning and the world with flags
is red,

When you show the tattered trophies of the war,
When your cheers are for the living, and your tears are
for the dead

Which the foemen in the battle trampled o'er, [array
When you fling your reddest roses at the horsemen in
With their helmets flaming proudly in the sun, [spray
I would bid you wear the favour of an apple-blossom
For the Girl behind the Man behind the Gun.

FRANCE

MY heart goes out to France, the Queen in war,
In tournament and love; the gay, the brave:
To that young, blue-eyed Breton who would save
A dance for Death or for his Belle Aurore:
Who keeps so purely in his heart the lore
Of love and honour, while the tyrant guns
Spume at his wisp of flesh their flaring tons,
White hot from maddened ages gone before.
The world's barometer is in that lad—
That Breton peasant against whom is hurled
The wild, down leaping chariot of Mars.
When France is laughing all the earth is glad;
And when she weeps the windows of the world
Are darkened to the sun and to the stars.

PEACE

FLOW, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugle, blow;
The day we dreamed of through the years is here.
Lowered is Mar's red spear;
And the shot-peopled air,
Tired of the wild trumpet's blare,
Tired of the upturned, glassy eyes of men,
Is quiet again.
Discord has fled with her gigantic peals,
And, at her heels,
Walks the old silence of the long ago.
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow.

The upturned faces of the world today
Are like the laughing waves of a sea in May.
Tears are a lost art of a hateful dream;
Laughter is King, is King.
Blow, bugles, blow; let the wild sirens scream,
Let the mad music ring,
Until the very flowers shall nod and sing.
I hear the lusty cheers of youth whose years
Were blown to the crag's black edge;
I see the Hours quaff up a mother's tears
As the sun drinks dew upon a Devon hedge.
No more shall the sad wires transmit the dole
That gnaws into the soul.

And that vast company we call the dead
Shall know the flag of Peace flies overhead
Because of the new lightness of our tread.

In Flanders now the birds find their first wonder
Since that loud August thunder
That shattered the blue skies like broken glass.
The wonder now is that the thing is dead
That passed, with crimson tread,
Over the silken floor of fragrant grass—
The screaming, blatant woe

Wilson MacDonald

That turned his plowshare in the flowers and sowed,
By the quiet, dreaming road,
His crop of gleaming crosses, row on row.
Flow, flag, in the soft wind ; blow, bugles, blow.

Like as a river dries up in the light
Our tears have blown to vapour.
The airplanes drop down in their droning flight
Like floating paper.
The gun that camouflaged her brutal throat
In Bourlon's thicket
Shall dream tonight in wonder at the note
Of some lone cricket.
And, where a maddened cuirassier grew gory
In that wild, sudden clash of yesterday,
Some docile, blue-eyed youth will sing a story
And laughing, dancing children's feet will play.

The world is blown with colour like a flower
In this triumphant hour.
The great procession grows, their shining feet
Sandalled with dewy peace.
I watch them passing up the city street ;
Gaining on life a new and wondrous lease.
Old men who pick up life like a broken rose
Which they had thrown away ;
Old women who unbind their temple snows
And comb them up for a new holiday ;
Young maidens, all their spirits like the flow
Of the new melted snow ;
Flow, flag, in the soft wind ; blow, bugles, blow.

This that we hear is but a shining drop
In the glad sea of mirth.
The tide flows round the world and will not stop
Until it brims the earth.
The Bedouin Arab now invites his dance
Where the sandstorms croon ;

Wilson MacDonald

And a mad company in lilting France
Unwind a rigadoon.
Down a soft English lane
Wild, happy, blue-eyed children chase the rain.
They wrap their throats in song from Maine to where
The Golden Gate unwinds her mist of hair.
One grief alone we have; blow, bugle, blow;
The crosses stand in Flanders, row on row.
They shall not watch with us tonight nor fare
On our bright bugle's blare.

Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow;
And then tonight, when all the lights are dim,
Let us pour out our thanks in praise to Him
Who gave the peace we know.

Toronto, November 7, 1918.

Agnes Maule Machar

Miss Agnes Maule Machar ('Fidelis') of Kingston, Ontario, daughter of the late Rev. John Machar, D.D., Principal of Queen's University. Born and educated in Kingston. Author of 'Lays of the True North,' 'The Story of Old Kingston,' 'Memorials of Dr. Machar,' and of the following works of fiction: 'For King and Country,' 'Katie Johnson's Cross,' 'Lucy Raymond,' 'Lost and Won,' 'Stories of New France,' 'Marjorie's Canadian Winter,' 'Roland Graeme, Knight,' 'The Heir of Fairmount Grange,' etc.

HEARTS OF BRITISH MEN

YOU did not know our Britain, proud Kaiser, did not know

Her steadfastness, her staunchness, her firm front to the foe.

Though discord may divide her, while danger stands afar,

It vanishes, like morning mist, before a breath of war;
And British hearts have kept, unchilled through all the changing years,

The fire that leaped to conquer at Crecy and Poitiers.

Hearts of oak! Hearts of men!

Rally round the flag again!

O'er the ocean rings the call.

Gather! Rally, one and all!

Freedom's bulwark must not fall

For lack of British men!

You did not see her stalwart sons, swift hasting to her side—

Not surging seas can keep them back, nor distance can divide,

They answer swiftly to her call, across the western sea,
From wild, mist-veiled Newfoundland, from ancient Acadie,

From lake and prairie, spreading far, the setting sun to meet,

And the grim, storm-scarred crags that guard the ocean at their feet.

Steadfast hands of British men,

Wave the Red Cross flag again,
True in peace and leal in war,
Britain's strength is Freedom's star,
Guiding, drawing, from afar,
True hearts of British men!

Far o'er the blue Pacific speeds the message to the free,
Where Australasia's isles are set in spheres of silver sea,
The sun-baked Veldt its echoes hears, beneath its tropic
sky,

And the strong chord of kingship wakes, and swiftly
makes reply,

And India's dusky sons arise, and with their Eastern
grace,

Give generous answer to the pride that scorned their
ancient race.

Rally round the flag again,
Loyal hearts of free-born men!
East and West together stand,
Round the Empire's motherland!
Ready to her beckoning hand,
Rise hearts of British men!

One dared and tried this venture, proud Kaiser, long ago,
Who thought to crush our Britain, with one sharp, sudden
blow.

He trusted to his legions, her undefended coast,
She stood, alone and undismayed, before his mighty host,
Till Freedom's spirit rose in wrath, and hurled him from
his place,

And what has been may be again, by God's over-ruling
grace.

What has been shall be again;
He controls the schemes of men!
The Lord of Hosts is with us yet,
Teaching us—'Lest we forget'—
The world-wide service He hath set
For hearts of British men.

Agnes Maule Machar

DE PROFUNDIS: A CHRISTMAS CAROL

DARKLY the days drop towards the reddening West,
Before the night beset with dreams of harm;
The Dove of Peace can find no place of rest,
'Mid surging seas of sorrow and alarm;
The pall of anguish spreads from West to East,
Scarce can we trace the Christmas Star on high,
'Mid bitter stress and strain for man and beast
That racks a mourning world while millions die.

In vain we seek a power that may withstand
The stream of strife and slaughter spreading wide;
Nor prince nor prophet ventures to command
The force resistless of that fearful tide.
Still, Lord, to Thee we turn—our hope alone—
Thy power, set high, all others far above;
We come for refuge to Thy Cross and Throne:
Our trust, Thy strength, Thy wisdom and Thy love.

What though, amid the trouble and the fear,
The war-worn peoples ask if Christ is dead;
Though Faith grow faint because she will not hear
The voice of Him who is 'the Living Bread?'
Still stands He with us, as He stood of old
Before the men who made their market-place
Within the Temple courts, where lust of gold
Obscured the glory of His Father's face.

And lo! the Christmas Star, whose beacon high
Led Eastern sages all their desert way,
Shines forth once more to bless the Christmas sky
With hope and promise of the coming day.
O stricken nations, that in darkness pine
Amid the deepening shades of Death and Night,
Awake to kneel before the Babe Divine
And hail the spreading of His 'Glorious Light!'

What though all earthly lights may fail and wane,
Though War his deadly harvest garner in;

What though the world must march through blood and
To win the victory over sense and sin? [pain
Still shall the Angels' Song our hearts sustain
Through all the thunder of the hateful strife,
Till, in God's peace, His love alone shall reign,
And Death itself be swallowed up in Life!

THE WARDERS OF THE SEAS

O BATTLESHIPS of Britain! Was it but one year ago
Ye got your midnight summons to the strife
That sped you to the mighty seas, to curb the haughty foe,
To guard our Empire's honour—and her life? [lay,
Ye took your place whole-hearted; your course before you
Your task to keep the Freedom of the Sea; [and stay,
To the hearts of struggling nations ye stood for strength
Never failing as the bulwark of the free. [and days,
Bravely have ye kept your tryst, through anxious months
Through storm and stress and struggle holding fast,
From torrid southern islands to the cold, grey northern
seas,
Where the 'Teuton foe might cross your path at last.
[tossed,
On quarter-deck or masthead, fog-bound or tempest-
When the mountain waves were dashing o'er the deck,
Unhasting and unresting, your brave sailors kept their
post,
Or, fighting, went down singing with the wreck.
Through moonlight or through starlight your task is
never done;
Never slacking is your constant watch and ward,
From the rosy dawn of morning till sinks the golden sun
'Neath the mighty waste of waters that ye guard.
For you there's no 'Trafalgar to strike one fateful blow
For the flag that 'braves the battle and the breeze';
But ye keep undimmed the glory of Britain's island story,
And—by God's grace—the Freedom of the Seas!

Tom MacInnes

Author of 'Lonesome Bar and Other Poems,' 'The Rhymes of a Rounder,' 'The Fool of Joy,' etc. Thomas Robert Edward MacInnes is a son of the late Hon. T. R. McInnes, M.D., Senator, and subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Born in Dresden, Ontario, October 29th, 1867; educated in local schools, and in University College, Toronto. In his graduation year, married Laura, daughter of Dr. John Hostetter, Toronto. Called to the Bar in 1893. Has travelled much in China, and is an authority on Eastern Affairs.

IN THE FIGHTING TOP

I

THERE'S a grim quiver thro' the air:
Look out!
You up there on the mast!
Far and wide
Over the dancing waves of danger
Say, are they coming at last?
Aye, at last!
Onward to battle
They come,
The Huns,
Crash!
Now for the leaping flash
And the long throated thunder of the guns!

II

Yonder there!
Where so long they were ahiding,
Thro' the gray mist gliding,
All in sight
Stripped for action bare
To the line:
Clearer now and nearer,
Booming,
Fuming,
Rushing to the fight:
O fine!

Over the dancing waves of danger
How they drive!
Eager in their anger to begin
They think to win
By one colossal victory
The sea!
They seem to be
Alive:
They are alive:
Each moment tells:
Shells!
Here, there, everywhere,
Across the heaving bitterness
They rip and whine and ricochet:
Shells!
Screaming as they come at us,
Screaming as they pass,
To smash:
Now you up there!
Beware the smoor o' the poison wreath!
Beware
The bolt of dragons darting overhead!
And the dooming monsters nosing underneath!

III

Thud—thud—thud—
We're in it now; the fight is on!
Steel-ript,
Flame-tipt,
Look, there's one already gone!
Split asunder,
Plunging under,
Into blue oblivion!
Now fire away, my fighting top!
Your turn has come!
We're nigh enough for the little guns,

Tom MacInnes

We're nigh enough for our little ones,
To reach and drop
The Huns!
We'll do them dead with the spatter of lead,
And the spit of our little artillery!
While the big ones down below
Go thud—thud—thud—
But O that smashing below!
Shrieks and groans,
And the decks are slimy with blood,
While stark bits of flesh and bones
Slip senseless in the sea!
Blood!
But what care we!
High up with our little artillery
We have our part to play:
So fire away, my fighting top!
Hard hit we know
We soon may go,
Already the mast begins to sway,
But fire away and do them dead,
Do them dead until we drop
Smacking in the sea!
Maskee!
Across the heaving bitterness
Fighting yet we call to death
And this is life!
Life to the final stress!
O we are the toppling gods no less
Battling hell!
In the feel of eternal life no less
Laughing at hell!
Tho now for us
Vast in one lightning moment of collapse—
All time may blast itself to nothingness!

Loftus MacInnes

Son of Mr Tom MacInnes (q.v.). Born at Victoria, B.C., November 26th, 1891. Educated in preparatory schools in his native province, and at McGill University. Entered the Civil Service at Ottawa, in the Department of Indian Affairs, in January, 1914. In October, 1915, married Natalie Charlotte, the only daughter of Archibald Lampman.

THE CYNICS

HOW often have we heard the cynics prate
Of our proud empire toppling in decay,
Our youth grown sickly and degenerate,
And valour with our grandsires passed away.
How they would mark with supercilious air
The silken hose, the monocle, or ties
Of lurid hue that foppish youngsters wear,
And from such weighty evidence surmise
That manhood and virility were sped
With the black coats of dour Victorian days,
That loyalty and sacrifice were dead
While each his own gain sought in selfish ways:—
The men who fell upon the fields of Flanders
Have answered well the sneer of cynic slanders.

PRAYER IN DARKNESS

O PALE Star of Hope
We lose thy dim light
Who stumble and grope
In the murk of the night!

Art thou but a dream
With the dreamer to die
Or still dost thou gleam
In the uttermost sky?

We have fallen in regions
Of dust and decay,
Where evils in legions
Have marked us for prey.

Loftus MacInnes

O pale Star of Hope
Give back thy lost light
To us, that must grope
In the murk of the night!

EVOLUTION: A.D. 1918

DULL days and dreary,
Hard ways and weary,
Bright words and cheery
Fall flat on the ear.

Young worlds wax older,
Warm hearts grow colder,
Faint embers smoulder
And fast disappear.

Youth grimly dying,
Age feebly sighing,
Echo replying
'Seek only a bier.'

Idols fall broken,
Prayers go unspoken,
All things betoken
Life's winter here.

The rill that ran vagrant,
Sinks still and stagnant,
Flowers that bloomed fragrant
Droop withered and sere.

Each rose-tinted gleaming
Of olden time dreaming
Has fled with the seeming
That bade it appear.

We wait no to-morrow:
We seek not to borrow
Hope from old sorrow,
Nor dread from old fear.

Listlessly wending
Each to the ending,
Omens portending
Grim Nemesis near.

Through regions where sadness
Commingles with madness,
We find less of gladness
Each desolate year.

PRAYER IN PAIN

O KINDLY Higher Powers
Of other spheres than ours
We kneel to you for succour
In these our woeful hours!
And though the sceptic jeer,
The carping cynic sneer,
We call to you for solace
And know that you will hear.
You lust not for vain praise
As in the former days
The founders of our failing creeds
Misread your gracious ways.
You only look to find
Sweet charity of mind
From each of us to all of us,
Nor care though we be blind.
But give us strength to bear
The weariness and care,
The myriad miseries
To which frail flesh is heir.
O kindly Higher Powers
Of rarer spheres than ours,
We kneel to you contritely
In these our woeful hours!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

One of the most outstanding of Canadian women writers. Author of 'Between the Lights,' 'The House of Windows' (a novel), 'Up the Hill and Over' (a novel), 'The Shining Ship,' etc. Born in Woodstock, Ontario, November 25th, 1875, daughter of Donald McLeod MacPherson, a native of Scotland, and his wife, Priscilla Ecclestone, of England. Educated in local Public Schools and Collegiate Institute. In her twentieth year, married Mr P. J. Mackay of Woodstock, and for some years has been living in Vancouver, B.C.

THE MOTHER GIVES

THESE hands whose weakness knew your baby weight,
So heavy yet so dear, and held it fast
Now loose the bond which love and service gave
And let you go at last.

See, I unclasp each clinging fingerhold,
Open and wide my empty arms I throw—
What tho' lips tremble and the heart grow chill,
Both lips and heart say 'Go!'

Not for the lust of battle or its pride,
Not for the dream of glory do I give,
But that a dark and wicked thing may die,
And Liberty may live!

These lips which found world-sweetness in your kiss,
Kiss you once more before an open door;
I love you just enough to say good-bye—
I could not love you more!

FROM THE TRENCHES

OH, to be in Canada now that Spring is merry,
Happy apple blossoms gay against the smiling green;
Here the lilac's purple plume and there the pink of cherry,
Hillsides just a drift of bloom with clover in between!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Oh, to be in Canada!—there's a road that rambles
Through a leafing maple-wood and up a windy hill,
Velvet pussy-willows press soft hands amid the brambles
Fringing round a sky-filled pool where cattle drink
their fill.

Oh, to be in Canada!—there's a farmhouse hidden
Where the hollow meets the hill and Spring's first
footsteps show—
Not a drop of honey there to any bee forbidden,
Not a cherry on a tree but all the robins know!

Oh, to be in Canada, now that Spring is calling
Sweet, so sweet, it breaks the heart to let its sweetness
through!
Oh, to breast the windy hill while yet the dew is falling,
Waking all the meadow-larks to carol in the blue!

Smile upon us, Canada! None shall fail who love you,
While they hold a mem'ry of your fields where flowers
are—
High the task to keep unstained the skies that bend above
you,
Proud the life that shields you from the flaming wind
of war!

OUR DAY

For Red Cross Day, October 19th

THIS is Our Day—
The day of those who wait,
Saddened, yet safe, on this side War's red gate,
While, just beyond, whole nations flame and die,
Their homeland ashes, and their name a sigh—
This is Our Day,
Our day to work and give
That some who think to die may hope to live!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

This is Our Badge—
This cross by which is sealed
Courage and mercy on a stainless field,
Courage which goes wherever War must go,
Mercy which calls no fallen man a foe;
This is Our Badge,
No prouder badge may be
Than this, the pledge of man's humanity!

This Our Crusade—
To waken hope once more
In that sad People, helpless at our door;
To send swift healing where our wounded are;
To bring home near to those whose homes are far;
This Our Crusade,
To follow War's dark way
Smoothing his dreadful footprints as we may!

THE WAR MAKER

HE lay on the gray of the earth
In the gray of the dawn;
Above him the stars faded out,
And the planets swept on;
A little wind woke from its sleep on the hill,
A sleepy bird stirred, trilled a note and was still.

He said:

'Ere the sun's first, swift lances are hurled
My soul must find wings to be gone
O'er the rim of the world!
What wings shall you find, O my soul?
Have you fought to be free?
Have you killed for some terrible good
In a day yet to be?
Red dew, fallen thick as God's dew on the mould,
Lies it there for an altar defiled
Or a hearthstone made cold?

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

You have fought; you have slain,
And the death that you gave has been given;
Dead men, questioning, lie around
With their faces from heaven.
War is just; death is kind,
For a cause high and true——
Did these die, as night dies,
That new day might shine through?
In terrible silence they lie, mutely challenging one
Who would darken a world that an Eagle might build
in the Sun!

'O God, blind the eyes death has cleared,
Blind the soul that has seen!
I have entered thy temple of war
With a spirit unclean.
I have fought without faith, without flame,
For a fair-sounding lie;
For pride have I slaughtered my brother,
O God, let me die!'

Archibald MacMechan

Professor A. M. MacMechan, B.A., Ph.D., of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S. Born in Berlin, Ontario, June 21st, 1862, eldest son of Rev. John MacMechan (Pres.) and Mary Jean, daughter of Hon. Archibald McKellar, a Canadian statesman. His higher education was received at University College, Toronto, and at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Author of 'The Porter of Bagdad and Other Fantasies,' etc.

THE CANADIANS AT YPRES

THEY did all men could do. The smoke of hell
Caught at their throats, but could not force them back.
The grey-coat foe charged hotly in the track
Swept by his iron hurricane of shell,
Resolved to win the sea-gate. None can tell
The force he poured, attack on mad attack,
On our brave few, as in the direst lack
Of every aid, three days they fought,—and fell.
But they endured. They held their blood-soaked ground.
Between the sea-gate and the desperate foe,
Their thin worn lines were adamantine bars.
Therefore their names with honour shall be crowned,
In their dear land's fair story, not with woe,
And in the record they shall shine like stars.

THE FLOOD-GATES BURST

THE flood-gates burst, and forth the deluge tore
Of blood in seas, torrents of widows' tears,
High-billowing anguish, overwhelming fears,
Outrage and cruelty unknown before,
Such nameless horror as the fiends deplore;
And storms of lamentation smote all ears
For ravage past the cure of coming years.
The deluge drowned the world; men call it—War.
One thing remains. Ever about this time
The Christian legend tells of Love made Flesh,
Of God Himself to this low world come down;
There being need to teach the world afresh
That many waters quench not Love sublime,
Nor all the floods from broken flood-gates drown.

George H. Maitland

Municipal Editor of the Toronto Star. Born in Stratford, Ontario, February 25th, 1881, son of George F. and Mary A. Maitland, the latter the author of verses familiar to magazine readers of some decades ago. Won the \$50 prize in Victory Loan Contest.

THE BOY WHO LIES OUT YONDER

THESE are the fathers and mothers who wept when the whistles blew,

*Visioning over and visioning over a little lad they knew;
Visioning over and visioning over, and seeing once and again*

*The little lad they had cherished march off—a man—
with men;*

*Broken of heart, undone, visioning now in their tears
An empty chair . . . and the lonely, empty years.*

What shall repay the service which nought on earth can
repay?

How shall a nation render the thanks in its heart this
day?

Whistle and horn and clamour, trumpet and shout and
song—

But the boy who lies out yonder . . . he will sleep
long.

And the father and mother who lost him steal up to an
empty place,

The mother with lips a-tremble, the man with his stony
face—

HIS room, she had kept it ready to welcome him back
again,

Since the little lad they had cherished marched off—a
man—with men.

What shall requite their service which nought on earth
can requite?

Who shall appraise or name it, who measure its worth
aright?

Out from the noise and clamour, now while the siren
blows,

George H. Maitland

What shall a nation whisper, knowing the debt it owes?
When the father and mother who lost him steal up to
his room to weep,
What word shall a nation send them, to lighten the watch
they keep?
For not in whistles or trumpets, and not in the tunes they
play,
Shall the broken heart of a mother find comfort and
strength this day.

Not in the horns and trumpets—but e'en as the mourners
kneel,
Thus shall a nation whisper: 'Know ye the pride we feel.
Ye who have paid our ransom, paid it in blood and tears,
Your sons have bought us freedom. Look! They have
cleansed the years.
And the thing they have bought us is finer than palace or
jewels or gold,
The right of the weak to flourish as the strong have flour-
ished of old.
Ye—ye have sown in your tears that a world may reap
in its joy,
Ye also have cleansed the years . . . with the life of
your boy.'

*These are the fathers and mothers who wept when the
whistles blew,
Visioning over and visioning over a little lad they knew;
Visioning over and visioning over, and seeing once and
again
The little lad they had cherished march off—a man—with
men.
They have bought freedom—theirs are the holiest tears—
They and that sleeping boy, who have cleansed the years.*

*The Toronto Star Office,
Monday, November 11, 1918.*

Peter McArthur

The well-known Canadian litterateur, author of 'In Pastures Green,' 'To Be Taken With Salt: An Essay on Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs,' 'The Prodigal and Other Poems,' 'The Red Cow and Her Friends,' etc. Born at Ekfrid, Ontario, March 10th, 1866. Educated in local public school, at the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and at University College, Toronto.

FULFILMENT

'They shall beat their swords into plowshares. . . . Neither shall they learn war any more.'—Micah, *iv.*, 3.

HO, smith, stand by your anvil
And bare your arm to smite!
Of man's long course of folly
There waits the closing rite.
For while before your smithy
He stays his iron car,
We'll beat our swords to plowshares
To serve the god of war.

With blood of slaughtered millions,
He stands there, dripping red,
And shouts to all the nations—
His armies must be fed!
He turns our hope to laughter,
He turns our faith to scorn!
My brothers of the plowshare,
Shall this be meekly borne?

Ho, smith, bow to your labour
And let your strokes be sure!
The work that you shall fashion
Shall evermore endure:
For to your hammer's ringing
A deathless vow we'll make
That through the after ages
No King shall dare to break.

Let it be marked in heaven
That from this fateful day

Peter McArthur

No King shall walk in armour,
No steel be shaped to slay.
For though we serve the war god
It shall not be his gain;
Our beaten swords as plowshares
Shall evermore remain.

So mighty smith, be merry,
And make your anvil ring!
The marvel you are shaping
All after years shall sing.
He knows you as his doomsman
And trembles in his car,
While you beat our swords to plowshares
For the stricken god of war.

A CHANT OF WAR

JOHN SMITH, the farmer, riding on his disk harrow,
Disking his bean ground for wheat, was busy, yet idle.
Jolting over the field he watched the blades cutting the
soil— [under—
Smelled the damp earth, watched the weeds being worked
He clicked to his horses and slapped them with the lines
to keep them moving.
He heard the crickets chirping in the dry grass on the
headlands.
He heard the hens cackling at the barn.
He saw the spider webs sparkling in the sunshine.
There were flocks of cow-birds around the cattle in the
pasture.

A neighbour was cutting seed clover with a clacking
mower; [wams;
Another was cutting corn—making shocks like wig-
And over all was the warm September sunshine. [sky.
Even the sun seemed near and neighbourly in the hazy
And because there was nothing to think about there came
a thought of the war.

He put it away from him—but it came again.
Then he thought of the headlines in the paper—
Words and phrases about meaningless battles,
Strange names of war-swept towns and villages.
He whistled to drive away thought—a thin tuneless
sound.

But the war thoughts would come.
At last they touched him with their magic. [verse—
His imagination opened till he was at one with the uni-
Till he saw more within than in the world about him—
Saw the Great War, felt the urgent thought of mankind.
And while he rode on the disk harrow, in the autumn
sunshine, [of it,
Though his lips made no sound, he made himself a song
And this was the song that he made:

‘The war, the war, the horrible, horrible war!
My son, my neighbour’s son, the minister’s son!
The blacksmith’s son, the storekeeper’s son, the station-
master’s son!
The member of parliament’s son, the millionaire’s son!
The widow’s son, the son of the day labourer—
All, all—everybody’s son—
Marching to war, marching to wounds and to death!

Ho, War God! Let me be your oracle!
Come, walk with me here in the fields
While I sing you the song of your folly!
Come in what form you will—
Mars or Thor, Moloch or Satan—
Come full panoplied in all your terrors—
I shall not fear you!
You are but a dream. I am a reality, [you.
I am a man, a living soul, of the souls that shall destroy
Fool, Infinite Fool, what roused you to this madness?
Was it the pride of man, proud of his strength,
Proud of his science, proud of his commerce, proud of
his wisdom?—

Peter McArthur

(Ha! Did I hear laughter from Hell at the sound of man's wisdom?) It matters not!

My words are for you, O War God, as you stride beside me in the fields!

Your tramlings are thunder, the flash of your sword the lightning!

Your voice is in the loud winds and blood falls from you like rain;

But I, a common man, shall speak your doom.

Fool, Infinite Fool!

Why were you not content with your Pharoahs and Alexanders, your Cæsars and Napoleons—

With your conquerors and killers who made history a shambles?

They sounded their trumpets and thrones shook at the sound of them.

They flung out their banners and warriors flocked to them.

They arrayed themselves in golden armour and made war glorious.

Poets sang to them. Dancers danced before them.

Scholars, Priests, Philosophers, Statesmen fawned on them.

They boasted themselves as gods.

The sun was their father, the moon their mother,

And they claimed relationship with all the leading constellations.

They fed you with hecatombs, glutted you with massacres.

But while they exalted themselves the common man did the work of the world—

Tilled the fields, dug the mines, shaped the armour, bore the burdens,

Grumbled and paid taxes and took no thought of war.

But today you have roused the common man.

Mark, O War God!

You have today what the world never saw before.

You have such armies as the world never saw before.

Not armies pursuing glory and honour and conquest,
Not armies rejoicing in war,
But armies of free common men who mock at your
baubles.

Mark them well!

They come from the ends of the earth, marching, forever
marching.

I spin the world before me as a child spins a globe with
his finger,

And wherever I look, from pole to pole, I see men
hurrying.

In the fields I see men hurrying for food for the armies.
In the factories I see men hurrying to make munitions for
the armies.

In the foundries I see men hurrying to make bigger guns
for the armies.

Wherever I look I see men hurrying.

Hurrying in the shipyards, on the railroads, in the labor-
atories.

Hurrying in the mines for precious ores.

Hurrying in the forests for the best timbers.

Inventors are inventing for the armies.

Organizers are organizing for the armies.

The bankers, the captains of industry, the last lone
labourer—

All—all men—hurrying, hurrying, hurrying—

For you have roused the world, O War God,

And no man shall rest until his work is done!

Wherever I look on the great globe I see men marching,
Soldiers,—eager, alert, fearless soldiers.

I see them gathering from the farms, from the villages,
from the towns and the cities.

I see them gather on the sideroads and concession lines,
on the paved streets and in the market-places.

I see them on the mountains and the plains.

I see them coming by boat loads and train loads.

Coming in automobiles, in carriages, in lumber waggons,
on horseback and on foot,

Peter McArthur

Converging to the seaports, gathering, gathering.
They take ship and speed exulting across the ocean,
Shipload after shipload in endless procession,
Never ceasing, day or night, they rush to your banquet
table. [trenches—

They serve the great guns, launch the airships, fill the
But not for the love of War!

Mark, O War God!

These thronging millions have but one purpose—
To destroy War!

They are battling against War!

Raging, striking, cursing, shooting, stabbing, bombing—
for no other reason than to end War.

Fool, Infinite, God-like Fool!

Toss your empurpled plumes and laugh!

Flash your sword until its lightnings blind the sun.

Let the roar of your guns deafen the thunder.

Spread your battle-smoke like night, smother the airs of
dawn with poison gas.

Rouse all your devilish ingenuity and make hideous war!—
But you shall not escape!

You cannot lift your head so high but the flyers shall
reach you, shall pluck out your eyes.

You cannot dive so deep, but the depth bombs shall find
you, strew you with the wrecks of the sea.

You cannot hide in dugouts or caves but the bombers
shall blast you.

Like the stinging of bees the bayonets shall thrust at you.

You shall go down, blind, ham-strung, hacked and stab-
bed with a million wounds,

For this, O War God, is your crowning folly!

You have roused Demogorgon, the common man,

And he shall trample you under foot.

My son, the doctor's son, the lawyer's son—

All, all—everybody's son—

This is their task!

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae

John McCrae, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (London), Lieutenant-Colonel, C.A.M.C., died in France from pneumonia, complicated by meningitis, January 28th, 1918, in his forty-sixth year. Born in Guelph, son of Colonel and Mrs David McCrae, who survive him. Graduate in Arts and in Medicine of the University of Toronto. For some years, Professor of Pathology in the University of Vermont. Had lived in Montreal, since 1900, his work identified chiefly with the Royal Victoria Hospital, and the Medical School of McGill University. In 1899-1900, served with the artillery in South Africa, and rose to the rank of Commanding Officer of his Battery. Served for two years as Chief in Medicine in the McGill Unit at the Front. Just before his death, received the high honour of appointment as Consultant to one of the British Army areas. 'In Flanders Fields,' which appeared first in 'Punch,' London, England, has had an extraordinary vogue and influence.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch,' London, England.

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead ; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe !
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch ; be yours to hold it high !
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

Reprinted by the special permission of the Editor of 'The Spectator,' London, England.

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions passing on;
(Those fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

Owen E. McGillicuddy

A member of the staff of the 'Daily Star,' Toronto. Born in Goderich, Ontario, May 21st, 1887. The eldest son of the late Daniel McGillicuddy, a former President of the 'Canadian Press Association.' Author of 'The Little Marshal and Other Poems.'

THE SONS OF CÆSAR SERVE

FROM mountain peak to mountain peak
Methought I heard a swelling song,
A song that cheered the small and weak,
From hearts that sought to right a wrong:

We are the sons of Cæsar,
The sons of a nobler Rome:
We fight to conquer Freedom's foe:
We strive that all the world may know
The blood of Cæsar yet doth flow
Through veins of those who joyful go
To strike a strong and mighty blow—
The sons of Cæsar serve!

We are the sons of Cæsar,
The sons of a nobler Rome:
Our storied past hath taught us well,
And while midst sound of shot and shell
The blood of Cæsar yet doth tell,
God keep us from the wiles of hell
And savage boastings help us quell—
The sons of Cæsar serve!

We are the sons of Cæsar,
The sons of a nobler Rome:
May all the world be some day free
From pain and guilt and misery,
The blood of Cæsar calls on Thee,
Once nailed to the shameful tree,
Lord Jesu see our agony—
The sons of Cæsar serve!

Jesse Edgar Middleton

An Associate Editor of 'The News,' Toronto. Author of 'Sea Dogs and Men at Arms,' a popular book of war verse, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. Born in the township of Pilkington, Wellington county, Ontario, November 3rd, 1872, son of Rev. E. Middleton (Methodist) an Englishman by birth, and Margaret Agar, a native of York county, Ontario.

THE CANADIAN

I NEVER saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddying tides that flow
About the Island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day,
The quiet, old Cathedral towns,
The hedgerows white with may.

*And still the name of England
Which tyrants laugh to scorn
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.*

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,
In broader lands I saw the light.
I never heard the cannon roar
Or saw a mark of England's might;
Save that my people lived in peace,
Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
That battle-days were done.

*And still the flag of England
Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
Went surging through the seas.*

I heard Polonius declaim
About the new, the golden age,

Jesse Edgar Middleton

When Force would be the mark of shame
And men would curb their murderous rage.
'Beat out your swords to pruning hooks,'
He shouted to the folk.
But I—I read my history books
And marvelled as he spoke.

*For it was glorious England,
The Mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
Her Admirals to sea.*

And liberty and love were ours,
Home, and a brood of lusty sons,
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs.
How could we think about the guns,
The searchlights on a wintry cloud,
The seamen, stern and bold,
Since we were hurrying with the crowd
To rake the hills for gold?

*But it was glorious England
Who scanned the threatening morn—
To me the very name of her
Is like a bugle-horn.*

THE ZEPPELIN

THE sacristy was trimmed with orange bloom.
The memory of incense floated faint
About the altar. In the holy gloom
A lamp was hung before a placid saint,
A red lamp, burning everlastingly.

The priestly monotone, the bride's reply,
Soft with the sweet timidity of love!
The bridegroom's light caress, the answering sigh!
A golden circlet and a crumpled glove!
Thus, thus they launched them on a misty sea.

Jesse Edgar Middleton

The evening firelight glanced upon their eyes.

They sat, divining, by the yellow flame,
Seeing long years of joy; a richer prize,

Fair children to perpetuate a name
To the far limits of Eternity.

One sudden blaze of Hell, one roaring blast!

The devil laughter of a coward foe!

Then dreams and love and life itself are past.

What fool can say that God would have it so,
Our God, who made the flowers and the sea?

THE THREE MORE WISE MEN

THREE Sages came from the land of Ur
With a tinkling, sleepy caravan,
Bringing jars of frankincense, nard and myrrh
To honour the infant Son of Man,
For the Star hung low like a heavenly gem
O'er the drowsy stable of Bethlehem.

And the blundering years are fled away,

A score of centuries, dark and grim.

But three more Sages marched in today

With their saddles worn, but their horses trim.

The dew of a world in grief distils

On the sentries pacing the sacred hills.

And one of the Three is good St. George,

A cavalryman of ancient time,

Still hunting dragons through vale and gorge,

In the memory of the Bow Bells' chime.

And though he march with a mountain-gun

He wears the Cross of the Virgin's Son.

And here St. Andrew, a sailorman,

Beholds the village he used to know

Before he came to his Highland clan

And saw the heather's unending glow.

Jesse Edgar Middleton

And his white cross ruffles it in the breeze
Which laughs in the dim, old olive trees.

And the third Wise Man from the shining West
Is bold Saint Patrick, a chaplain still,
With the song of the ages in his heart
As he looks for the Star across the hill.
Now, under his ancient Cross of white,
He hears the music and sees the light.

And the three Wise Men from the West have brought
Their gifts of liberty, love and truth
To the ancient land where the world was taught
The unknown arts of brotherly ruth.
Long, long the march, but the Land is won
By the three good Knights of the Virgin's Son.

OF WALKING SOLDIERLY

SHOULD I depart, O lady mine,
To give my body to the King,
Leaving my cup of heavenly wine,
Those eyes, and hope's imagining,
Hold high and proud thy stately head.
And veil thy glorious grief a while,
Restrain the swelling tides of dread,
Give me the tribute of a smile.

And I shall understand, my dear,
And keep thee closer in my heart,
Though not a tremor, not a tear
Betray thine anguish as we part.
We are Canadians, lady mine,
With heroism in our veins.
Our noble brothers of the Line
Go singing on the Flemish plains.

J. Lewis Milligan

An English poet of repute who won in 1910 at the University of Liverpool, the Hemans Prize for Lyrical Poetry. Author of 'Songs in Time's Despite,' a collection of his poems, issued in 1910. A native of Liverpool, England, of Scotch-Irish and Welsh parentage. Came to Canada in 1911. For a time, editor of the Peterborough Review; but for the last five years a member of the Globe staff, Toronto. 'They Shall Return' has been set to music by John W. Worth of New York.

ROSEDALE NOCTURNE

WHITE hangs the mist along the black ravine,
The breathing blossoms languish on the night,
Soft music steals from ivied casements bright,
Kindling the stars beyond the leafy screen:
With virgin grief she contemplates the scene,
Where late she tasted love's supreme delight
With him who now lies fallen in the fight,
Far off in Flanders—ocean wastes between.

They shall not walk again the fragrant ways,
In spring or summer or mid autumn leaves,
Low listening to his whispered words of praise;
His kisses now are memory's make-believes:
A singer's voice floats from the latticed eaves,
The passionate stars above the elm tree blaze.

OLD CANNON AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THESE mouths which roared are silent; and these woods
Which echoed with the cannon's angry voice
Are hushed in vernal and melodious peace.
Tranquillity triumphant! Who would dream
That Canada e'er knew the clash of arms,

The crimson wine of life spilt on the green
Where now we sip in sylvan solitude.
Yet here and now the lightning and the crash,
Those screaming heralds of destruction are
Compounded; and the fiery sons of Mars
Are buckling on their armour for the fray!
O why disturb our century of peace,
Where is the foe that we so swift prepare?

Yonder in shattered Belgium sits the Hun
In iron state, glutted and dyed with gore;
The Atlantic rolls between us, we are far
Beyond his ruthless reach; and yet so nigh
Has human kinship brought us in this strife
That e'en the ball that smites a man to earth
Pierces some breast far over leagues of foam.
How small the world is made by suffering!
Kind sympathy with instant healing wings
Spans the circumference of our stricken star.
Ah, mortified were we, dead limbs indeed,
If at this hour we did not share the pain
Of those who dare defend their liberty,
And lose the world to save a nation's soul.

THE BELLS OF FLANDERS

DO you hear the bells' soft chiming
From the blessed Yules of yore?
Sweeter far than poet's rhyming
Is their message, but their chiming
Is re-echoed now no more!

For the belfries all are shattered
And the bells lie dumb in rust;
All the souls that loved them scattered,
And their homes and hearths are battered
Into unresponsive dust.

J. Lewis Milligan

Still the broken bells of Flanders
Chime their hope down misty years;
When the dust claims these Commanders—
'Christ is born!' shall ring through Flanders
When the Prince of Peace appears.

Do you hear the bells' soft chiming
From the blessed Yules of yore?
Sweeter far than poet's rhyming
Is their message, and their chiming
Shall re-echo evermore!

MUNITIONS

BLACK, sweaty visaged in the furnace flame,
They juggle with the seething element;
With Vulcan strokes they beat it till they tame
The deep-mined mineral into mute content:
Now 'tis a hollow cone of battered steel,
Rough and inert, a dead and graceless hull;
They set it on a flying belted wheel
And hew it to a surface beautiful.

Unto the brim they fill the shining cup
With deadly morsels charged with blasts of hell,
With perfect cap and screw they seal it up—
And lo! you have the thing we call 'a shell,'
With which they feed the mouths of mighty guns
To glut the war-lust of the turgid Huns.

THEY SHALL RETURN

THEY shall return when the wars are over,
When battles are memories dim and far;
Where guns now stand shall be corn and clover,
Flowers shall bloom where the blood-drops are.

J. Lewis Milligan

They shall return with laughing faces,
Limbs that are lithe and hearts new-born;
Yea, we shall see them in old-home places,
Lovelier yet in the light of morn.

Dream not they die, though their bodies perish;
Spirits like theirs, so free and brave,
Go on to conquer and vitally flourish
Spite of the sword and the grasping grave.

They shall return when the wars are over,
When battles are memories dim and far;
Where guns now stand shall be corn and clover,
Flowers shall bloom where the blood-drops are—
They shall return!

THE VISION OF ARMAGEDDON

HIGH o'er the din of these war-shocked days
I rose in a wild ecstatic flight,
And down, with an all-embracing gaze,
I looked, and lo! to my frenzied sight
The earth lay stretched like a boundless plain,
Where the nations clashed in a deadly strife,
Till the verdant lands and the azure main
Turned red with the wine of human life.

'Twas the Armageddon of Right and Wrong,
Where Death flies swift as the lightning's gleam,
Where the weak go down before the strong,
Where the things men hold and the things they dream
Are flung in the fires of infernal fray,
And purged of their dross in flames of rage,
For the purer life of an after day,
And making of men for the Golden Age.

L. M. Montgomery

The popular Canadian novelist. Author of 'Anne of Green Gables,' 'Anne of Avonlea,' 'Kilmeny of the Orchard,' 'The Story Girl,' 'Chronicles of Avonlea,' 'The Golden Road,' 'Anne of the Island,' 'The Watchman and Other Poems,' 'Anne's House of Dreams,' etc. Lucy Maud Montgomery was born at Clinton, Prince Edward Island, but lived from infancy in Cavendish, of the same province. Her father was Hugh John, son of the Hon. Donald Montgomery, Senator. Educated at the 'district school,' at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at Dalhousie College, Halifax. Married, in 1911, Rev. Ewan Macdonald, Presbyterian Minister at Leaskdale, Ontario.

OUR WOMEN

BRIDE of a day, your eye is bright,
And the flower of your cheek is red.
'He died with a smile on a field of France—
I smile for his sake,' she said.

Mother of one, the babe you bore
Sleeps in a chilly bed.
'He gave himself with a gallant pride—
Shall I be less proud?' she said.

Woman, you weep and sit apart,
Whence is your sorrow fed?
'I have none of love or kin to go—
I am shamed and sad,' she said.

S. Morgan-Powell

An English journalist of repute who came to Montreal in 1905. Author of numerous short stories and poems in English periodicals. Accompanied Li Hung Chang, when he was Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, through British Isles and European countries. Born in London, England. Educated at Ellesmere and at the University of London. Has travelled extensively in Europe, Northern and Northwest Africa, West Indies, South America, and Southern States, U.S.A. Has been Special Correspondent at musical and dramatic festivals at Bayreuth, Munich, Milan, etc.; and at many important commissions. A literary, music and dramatic critic of distinction, now on the editorial staff of the 'Montreal Star.'

TO OUR IMMORTAL DEAD

THEY died that we might live. They fought their fight
And passed—beyond all sorrow and all pain.
But Love shall keep their memories ever bright.
Above the graves where their dead selves have lain
Flowers shall grow and greet the noonday sun
In bloom of beauty.

Our Immortal Dead,
So free in sacrifice, shall every one,
With nature blending, at the Dayspring's head
Gather at last, and know the gift they gave
Was not in vain—that Freedom lifts her voice
Triumphant, as a tribute to the brave
Who died that she might live.

They shall rejoice,
Knowing the loved ones whom they left behind,
Safe in the heritage they fought to hold
For Canada. And in our hearts enshrined
Their names shall live, their glorious tale be told,
So long as this Dominion guards the Right,
Their arms upheld in that unequalled fight!

S. Morgan-Powell

YPRES AND LANGEMARCK

NOT theirs to know the glory of acclaim,
The loud hurrahs and the deep-throated cheers.
Not theirs the knowledge of a victory won
That changed the balance of a nation's fate.
Theirs but to know the slow death's torturing hours,
The long-drawn agony of searing fire
With each laborious breath.

No battle, this,
Such as their hearts had hoped for, but an end
Awful beyond the dream of human fiends.
And yet they faltered not, nor failed, but to the last—
Facing a terror never known before,—
They fought and died for Empire and for Home.
Lo, all the records of the centuries
Of Britain's Empire-story search in vain:
You shall not find a greater, nobler deed
Achieved by any men for Freedom's sake!

GODSPEED

I WANT you when the skylark flies
And sings his morning hymn;
I want you when the sunset lies
Athwart the river's brim.
I want you when the moonbeams fall
Across the misty glen,
And at the midnight hour—ah, then
I want you most of all!
I want you morning, noon, and night,
To gladden every hour.
But I must work and you must fight
To break the Tyrant's power.
So every hour I work, I pray,
And know 'tis not in vain.
God guard you, Dear, and speed the Day
That brings you Home again!

THE FLEET ON GUARD

FOG off the Dogger, and the heavy swell
Rolls in its sullen wrath, yet impotent
To halt the low, lean Greyhounds of the Sea
From their incessant watch.

Through the dank mist
That clings around them and about, they loom
Long, slim, and phantomlike, their piercing eyes
Gleaming in tenuous shafts of silvered light.
This way and that they turn unceasingly,
Striving to penetrate the swirling gloom
That wraps them in its close and chilling folds.
Throughout the watches of the night they ride
The heaving swell, alive, alert, prepared:
Nor e'er their guard relax—for with them rests
The fate of Britain's millions, wrapt in sleep.

KITCHENER'S WORK

STEADFAST and silent through the changing years
He fought and won and planned and organized,
Duty his sole ideal and his star.
He courted neither glory nor acclaim.
He never trod the path of gilded ease
Or sought the ways of dreamy indolence,—
Service his banner, and his changeless goal
Some task achieved for Country and for King.

The Egyptian deserts knew him, and the tread
Of his triumphant legions stirred old Nile
From centuries of dreaming till the fate
Of Gordon was avenged at Omdurman.
The Himalayas knew him, and his name
The crafty Pathan of the Laspur hills
Learned first to fear, and late to hold in awe.

S. Morgan-Powell

He never swerved from his appointed way,
However grim the danger or the doom
That seeming loomed ahead.

He never failed,
Because his will to DO was adamant.
So, late, when honours all unsought were his,
He turned at duty's summons to his last
And greatest task—to sound the call to arms
Through all the land his pride had been to serve.
And millions came in answer to the call,
From lives of wealth and penury alike,—
Farm hand and city clerk, beggar and peer,—
Because HE sounded loud the urgent need
Of Britain in her hour of dark distress—
The clarion call to strike for Liberty.

His work was done; a Nation stood to arms.
Then struck the unseen, unsuspected Death.
An Empire mourns his loss.

But not in vain
Dies such a man. The record he has left
Lies luminous upon our Empire's roll
Of those who served and found their best reward
In quiet knowledge of stern duty done.
O warrior of steel heart and eagle eye,
Death has but made your service greater yet;
Your spirit marches still, and leads the land
You lived to serve to deathless Liberty!

Blanche E. Holt Murison

A popular literary woman of the West, wife of Captain William Johnson Holt Murison, of Vancouver, B.C., who served at the Front for about two years. A native of Cowes, Isle of Wight, née Vaughan. Came to Canada in 1904, and has lived in most of the important centres of the Dominion. Has written much meritorious verse, not yet published in book form.

THE MOTHERING HEART

THE Mothering Heart of Empire
Is beating to fife and drum;
The measured march of a million feet,
Tell where the soldiers come.
And the women stand as the men sweep by,
And cheer them on their way;
The Mothering Heart of Empire
Is proud of its sons today.

The Mothering Voice of Empire
Is singing a patriot song;
From every shore of the Seven Seas
It echoes clear and strong.
For the voice that is tuned to lullabies
Awakens a sterner theme;
And over the Mother-World shines out
The Star of a Mother's Dream.

The Mothering Hands of Empire
Are belting on swords today;
And God knows just where the fingers slip,
And just what the white lips pray.
The beautiful hands that never tired
At the call of the children's need,
On the rosary of a Mother's love,
Are telling another bead.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

The Mothering Heart of Empire
Is breaking with wild alarms.
Dear God! Give peace, and bring them back,
The sons to their mothers' arms.
The glamour and glory of War! O men!
The cost of it who can say?
For only God and the mothers know
The price that the mothers pay.

'THY SONS SHALL COME FROM FAR'

I HEARD the voice of old-time prophecy,
'Thy sons shall come from far!'—was what it said:
And then I thought of all our deathless dead,
Who late had won to immortality.

'Thy sons shall come from far!'—The warm red blood
That coursed so proudly through their manhood's veins,
How many times hath left its vital stains
About the trenches in the Flanders mud?

We make no moan—for why should we lament
That Britain's sons were greater than we guessed?
Where alien earth hath cradled them to rest,
A brighter day shall show the way they went.

And in the Spring the primroses shall peep
In places where before they never grew;
And violets their perfumed purple strew
Above the bed wherein our heroes sleep.

And daffodils shall trumpet to the morn
A golden measure from each slender stem;
And poppies too shall breathe a requiem
Among the quiet fields of ripened corn.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

And birds shall sing their songs as ne'er before,
And in the rainbow fairer hues be set,
Lest unborn generations should forget
How Britain's sons came from her farthest shore

To fight for Freedom—nothing could cajole
The conscious liberty of thought and act—
That makes with Tyranny no craven pact,
The Freedom that enfranchises the soul.

Her sons came from afar!—oh, write it down
In characters of never-ending fame:
Her sons have proven worthy of their name,
And dead—still live for her supreme renown!

Place little crosses proudly over them—
They have achieved a glorious avatar;
And God hath set on high another star,
To lead men back again to Bethlehem.

THE CALL

THERE has gone forth a Call throughout the land,
Voiced in the language of a mighty need:
To those who hear but will not understand:
From such blind bondage, how shall they be freed?

How shall we cry—or shall we rather pray—
Pray as a nation to our nation's God,
That He will show these laggard souls the way
To tread the path of Service—as He trod?

What is it that ye fear—ye who withhold—
Is it the clumsy vesture of a name?
How shall your story down the years be told,
Unto your glory—or your lasting shame?

Blanche E. Holt Murison

The Empire needs her patriot sons today,
To rally round the Flag, that never yet
Has trailed the dust, or fallen by the way;
Stand at salute—lest ye perchance forget

Bondage of Brotherhood, and Faith of Friends,
Two golden strings that quiver on love's lute;
Strike till the echoes reach earth's farthest ends,
Nor let Oppression make life's music mute.

Grapple like giants with a Giant Cause,
Leave to the lesser souls the lesser feud:
Nor rest till peace proclaim the kindlier laws
That boastful braggarts have so misconstrued.

That word ye dread—ye do not read aright,
Re-vision it with fearless naked eye;
Blazon your banners with its meaning bright—
God speaks again from out of Sinai.

Go learn of love—nor deem it sacrifice,
Upon the altar of that love to lay
The graven gods demanded as the price,
The ruthless hand of Tyranny to stay.

Learn of the Larger Liberty—to serve,
Unmindful of the tide of praise or blame:
Of disciplining ev'ry traitor nerve,
To stand the test—to play and win the game.

There has gone forth a call from Britain's heart,
Voiced in the language of a mother's need:
Sons of her blood—of her strong soul a part,
Sons of her Empire—hear—and hearing, heed!

Robert Norwood

The brilliant Canadian poet and preacher, now Rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia. Author of 'His Lady of the Sonnets,' 'The Witch of Endor,' 'The Piper and the Reed,' 'The Modernists,' etc. Born in Christ Church Rectory, New Ross, Lunenburg county, Nova Scotia, March 27th, 1874, son of the Rev. Joseph W. Norwood and Edith, daughter of Captain Harding. Educated at Coaticook Academy, Quebec; and at King's College, Windsor, N.S., where he graduated in Arts in 1897.

A SONG OF BATTLES

YOU will not do this thing again!
What thing?

Mistake of owning overmuch:
Great palaces and princely halls,
Gardens of Babylon that hang
High on a many terraced hill,
Created at the cost of slaves
Dead by the thousands; that some queen
Might gaze in rapture of her lord.

Strange how the saddened centuries
Stood clothed in garments red with blood
Poured from the veins of innocents,
Their mothers glad to give them birth,
Their fathers driven forth to slay
And to be slain on battle fields!

Why?—Why?

Because a few men sold their souls
For little heaps of minted gold—
Round pieces stamped with Cæsar's face
Or Alexander's awful brow—
Gold pieces whose possession gives
Command of battle ships and legions armed for enemies,
Raised up because of gold! gold! gold!

Robert Norwood

For when man gathers overmuch
God is exchanged for paltry dust;
And when God goes the devil comes
In panoply of armies:
Drums beating—
Trumpets blowing—
Flags fluttering—
Men hating, fighting, bleeding, dying;
Women wailing and beating their breasts;
Cities in conflagration;
Tall towers tumbling to an accompaniment of thunder,
Tumbling down among the statues and the pictures,
Silencing the song of the singers,
Making the beautiful ugly,
Smothering in wide encompassing smoke
The children—the glad, the wonderful children—
God's lilies of laughter—
His immaculate ones!

I tell you gold is the cause of war,
That war is the price we pay for gold—
Gold for which we give God!

You will not do this thing again!
What thing?
Mistake of owning overmuch.

HORUM FORTISSIMI

HORUM *Fortissimi!* thus Cæsar said—
He who had found the ancient Belgians brave—
And still he comes to place upon the grave
Of Louvain and Liège this merited,
Immortal tribute to their mighty dead.
Can we give less than mighty Cæsar gave?
Shall we not rather give our best to save
These for whom all those nameless Cæsars bled?

O sons and daughters of our country! keep
Inviolatè, untarnished, England's name;
Watch and be ready, nor afraid to leap
Sudden and terrible, like unleashed flame
Upon the foe; lest you be forced to join
Fools of the unlit lamp and ungirt loin!

A PLEDGE

THE *Ape is at the frontiers of the world,
The jungle-lust is flaming from his eyes:
And all his brute battalions he has hurled
Against the gate of guarded Paradise!*

By the passion of the struggle through the night,
Or ever there was music of man's word;
By the lifting of wide wings to meet the light,
And the song between the hill-tops of a bird;
By the witness of the lily and the vine,
Of the mountain and the valley and the sea,
Let us pledge again the common cup of wine
At the paschal board with Christ of Galilee:
Not to fail earth's aspiration to the star,
Nor forget her primal promise to the sky,
Though the crown upon our forehead be a scar—
Though to keep our tryst with Nature we must die!

THE STREAM

HOW many Christs have we two crucified?
How many prophets have we sawn asunder?
What wild woe have we wrought? How deep, how
wide
The wrong committed? In the sky God's thunder

Robert Norwood

Threatens, His lightning cleaves the clouds apart
To show an awful Face—
The Judge is in His place
Of Judgment! Oh, the love
That we have lost! Above,
Beneath and all around us sounds the cry
Of Rachel weeping over little hands
And little feet! Her babes are dead! You, I,
Alone are guilty; for while error stands
Must all the starry Christs be crucified!

Nay, do not hang your head:
Though Christs be crucified,
And Rachel's babes be dead,
One river floweth wide
Out of the urge of God;
Of that eternal stream—
Its mother-bosom broad
With vision and with dream—
Are you, Comrade and I!
Yea, all its ancient shores
That river runneth by
Have we touched. Where it pours
Past leagues of desert sand,
Jungles and miry places,
Palms of an unknown land,
Ferns and their fronded faces,
Have we gone forth from God!

Where slimy serpents crawl,
And crocodiles are torpid in the sun;
Where snarling tigers sprawl,
And elephants come slowly one by one
Down the yellow ridges
Of the banyan's broken bridges
To the river where the little shells are strawed;
Where chattering monkeys leap,
And the flamingo struts among the reeds;

Where parrots pause and peep,
And all day long the greedy ibis feeds:
We went flowing, flowing,
And eternally out-going
From the impulse of the mighty love of God!

Lift up your head, O my brother, my friend!
Know that your shame is the shame of the stream—
Memory floods all its banks, but the end—
What is the end? 'Tis a realized dream
Dreamt in the depths of an infinite peace
Ere the first star of the morning arose
Over the earth! Since the river's release
From the pure spring, how it flows! How it flows,
Bears on its bosom the sorrows of man,
Sin and the wreckage of faith and of truth,
Lust and hot murder, the primitive ban:
'Eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'!
Yet that same bosom babe Moses did bare
Safe in his cradle of wattles! Its tide
Floated the tree, on which Christ, crucified,
Bled for His love of the stream and His share
Of the Past!

Lift up your head and endure!
Are we not part of the All, and as pure?

Thomas O'Hagan

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D., was born in the Gore of Toronto, March 6th, 1855, the youngest son of John and Bridget (O'Reilly) O'Hagan, natives of County Kerry, Ireland. He was brought up in the township of Elderslie, near the Village of Paisley, Bruce county, Ontario. His higher education was received at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and at Ottawa University where he graduated B.A., in 1882. His honorary degrees were conferred by Laval University, Quebec, and Notre Dame University, Indiana. Author of 'A Gate of Flowers,' 'In Dreamland and Other Poems,' 'Songs of the Settlement,' 'In the Heart of the Meadow,' 'Songs of Heroic Days,' and of several books of essays.

THE BUGLE CALL

DO you hear the call of our Mother,
From over the sea, from over the sea?
The call to her children, in every land:
To her sons on Afric's far-stretched veldt;
To her dark-skinned children on India's shore,
Whose souls are nourished on Aryan lore;
To her sons of the Northland where frosty stars
Glitter and shine like a helmet of Mars;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

Do you hear the call of our Mother
From over the sea, from over the sea?
The call to Australia's legions strong
That move with the might and stealth of a wave;
To the men of the camp and men of the field,
Whose courage has taught them never to yield;
To the men whose counsel has saved the State,
And thwarted the plans of impending fate;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

Do you hear the call of our Mother
From over the sea, from over the sea?
To the little cot on the wind-swept hill;

Thomas O'Hagan

To the lordly hall in the city street;
To her sons who toil in the forest deep
Or bind the sheaves where the reapers reap;
To her children scattered far East and West;
To her sons who joy in her Freedom Blest;
Do you hear the call of our Mother?

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO ALBERT

ALBERT, King of Belgium, is the hero of the hour;
He's the greatest king in Europe, he's a royal arch and
tower;
He is bigger in the trenches than the Kaiser on his
Throne,
And the whole world loves him for the sorrows he has
known:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

Defiance was his answer to the Teuton at his gate,
Then he buckled on his armour and pledged his soul to
fate;
He stood between his people and the biggest Essen gun,
For he feared not shot nor shrapnel as his little army
won:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

King of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders,
all in one—
Little Kingdom of the Belgae, starred with honour in
the sun!
You have won a place in history, of your deeds the world
will sing,
But the glory of your nation is your dust-stained, fearless
King:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

William Pike Osborne

Late Editor of the Quebec Chronicle. Born in Langford Rectory Preston, Lancashire, England, August 29th, 1880. Accidentally drowned, October 13th, 1917. Eldest son of Rev. James Osborne and Marion Pike. Educated at Stamford Grammar School, and Cambridge University. Married Ada Mary, daughter of William Willerton, who with two daughters survive him. Served in the South African War, in the Wiltshire Yeomanry. Became Editor of the Quebec Chronicle in January, 1909.

VALCARTIER

A GAIN the white tents glisten against the glorious dawn,
Again the bugles echo across the woodland lawn;
The startled foals cease romping, the wild life hides in
fear—

But my heart is sad and lonesome for the Men of
Yesteryear.

They gathered in their thousands, a goodly, valiant host,
From the shoreland of Cape Breton, from the far-flung
western coast:

From the highways and the byways, busy mart and lonely
mere,

Came that band of brave crusaders, came the Men of
Yesteryear.

They awoke this sleepy hollow where the searching feet
of change

Had found their way but seldom. As they gathered to
the range,

They sang of Tipperary, and with hearts that knew no
fear

They yearned for coming battles, did the Men of Yester-
year.

They disturbed the solemn mountains with the thunder
of their guns;

We heard the tramp of marching feet on every road that
runs

Along this beauteous valley. By the river winding clear

William Pike Osborne

They laughed and learned and laboured, did the Men of
Yesterday.

The tents were struck ere dawning; beneath a rainy sky
They marched away to Old Quebec to hear their last
goodbye.

The streets were filled with khaki and on the crowded
pier

Were tear-wet eyes and breaking hearts, O Men of
Yesteryear!

O sacred soil of Flanders, red altar of our pride,
Historic field of Langemarck where on they fought and
died!

There were none that fought more bravely or their
honour held more dear

Than the men who lit their campfires in this valley
Yesteryear.

They have writ another chapter on our envied scroll of
Fame.

They have set the Empire ringing with our proud
Dominion's name;

But they paid a costly quittance. And we, with sigh
and tear,

We, too, must pay our reckoning, O Men of Yesteryear!

Once more the heavy lorries plough up Valcartier hill,
Once more within the dusty lines the troop-horse
whinnies shrill;

And khaki figures come and go, their sharp commands
I hear,

But I see a phantom army—'Tis the Men of Yesteryear!

O men who left Valcartier, God rest your valiant shades
That walk amid the ghostly tents and haunt the lonely
glades!

When the last, loud trump is sounding and the Warrior
Hosts appear,

He shall number you among them, O Men of Yesteryear!

William Pike Osborne

LANGEMARCK, APRIL 23RD, 1915

Maple trees will be planted at Langemarck to commemorate the gallant stand of the Canadians.

ON Flanders Plain in summer-time the blood-red
poppy waves:
More brightly now its torch is blown above Canadian
graves.
On Flanders Plain when guns are hushed, pledge of our
mindful grief
And emblem of the land they loved, shall flame the
Maple Leaf.

O Hero Souls, Beloved Dead, yours was the Spartan
mould
Wherein were shaped those valiant men that fought in
days of old:
Such men as sailed the Argo forth to win the Golden
Fleece,
As gave to Rome her ancient name, her Glory unto
Greece!

O Hero Souls, 'twas men like you—who smile at death
and fate—
That beat the proud Etruscans down before the Roman
gate:
That stood in strait Thermopylae with thrice a hundred
spears,
And, holding back the Persian hordes, provoked the
tyrant's tears!

O Hero Souls, 'neath Flanders Plain, of spirit such as
this
Were those who sped the triremes on at sea-born
Salamis;
Were these that died with Winkelried or Drake's wild
sails unfurled

To mock the Grand Armada's might and dare the whole,
wide world.

Such men as died when Grenville did upon a wreck-
strewn sea,
Or followed Richard Lion-Heart in Christian chivalry,
To fight in Holy Palestine; such men as fought and fell
In Balaclava's famous charge against a very hell.

O Hero Souls, the men that charged in Scarlett's famed
brigade,
Were heroes, yet they never faced such murderous
fusillade
As swept our ranks! Leonidas died dauntless and
unbowed,
God-like in valour, yet he knew no deadly poison cloud.

O ye that sleep on Flanders Plain, we search the scrolls
of Time
Where lettered in memorial gold, shine forth all deeds
sublime,
And none are writ more bright than yours, our own
Beloved Dead,
Before whose tomb in grief and pride your country
bows its head!

Alone, afar on Langemarck's field where desolation
swirled
Through crowded, desperate days ye fought the Battle
of the World;
Yea, where the Hunnish cohorts swarmed in rage and
fury blind,
Lit with the flame of God ye fought the Fight of all
Mankind.

O ye whom we have loved and lost, that sleep on alien
strand,

William Pike Osborne

As years go by, and on the guns Peace lays her holding
hand,
The shell-torn trenches where ye fell, in bitter, glorious
hours,
The trenches sown by savage Mars, shall fill with
beauteous flowers.

And then when joyous lark shall sing above the hallowed
tomb,
And scenes of carnage are forgot 'neath nature's glad-
some bloom,
There shall our branching Maple spread, as sign we ne'er
forget,
O'er those for whom the radiant sun shall rise no more
nor set.

O Hero Souls, that crimson leaf a wondering world shall
teach
How in a day of furious stress, Canadians filled the
breach,
And all who pass thereby shall step with hushed and
reverent tread
The where their native Maple marks the bivouac of
our dead.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley

The late Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley of Victoria, B.C. Author of 'Songs from a Young Man's Land,' 'Sport in the Crimea and the Caucasus,' 'Savage Svanetia,' 'Trotlings of a Tenderfoot,' 'A Sportsman's Eden,' 'Snap,' 'Gold, Gold in Cariboo' and several other volumes. Born in Wimborne, Dorsetshire, England. Came to British Columbia in middle life, and lived there for nearly a quarter of a century.

MAPLE LEAVES

October, 1915

THERE'S a wooden church in our farthest west,
A little lone frontier fold;
Round it the dead of our New World rest,
On its door are the names of our boys, our best,
For God and their King enrolled.

We miss the fall of their swift young feet,
Our fields and our homes lie dumb,
Though we go to the gate, there are none to meet,
And sad is the prayer that our folk repeat:
Will they come, Lord? *When* will they come?

The fold is full of its fallen leaves,
Its trees stand naked and bare,
The mother's heart for her dead boy grieves,
None come back, though the last one leaves—
But God HAS answered our prayer!

For the leaves which were green in the spring that's
dead,
Blood-red when the year grew old,
Now flutter down round the old man's head,
Not splashed with scarlet or stained with red,
But gold of the dawn—pure gold!

Clive Phillips-Wolley

TO THE FRENCH CANADIANS

WHENEVER a daring deed was done or a chivalrous quest
achieved,
When the odds against were ten to one, and the laurels
bloodiest leaved;
Whenever the fight was fiercest and honour alone not
lost,
Steel to steel in the forefront, your swords and our
own were crost.

Whenever the charge was swiftest, 'twas a laughing
Frenchman led;
Whenever the charge was broken, it broke on our line
of red;
The gayest hearts in battle, the stoutest hearts at sea,
Followed the Leopards of England, or fought for the
Fleur de Lis.

Now this is the Law of England, and Hers is the law of
the West:
The foes who fight us fairly, make the friends we love
the best;
The only peers of our people are such as have dared
and died,
With steady eyes on our bay'net points or cheering lips
at our side.

We have buried our dead together, Wolfe and your
own Montcalm;
We have sung with you songs of battle, we have taught
the seas our psalm,
"Peace and be still," and always we have used our
blended might
To give to the people freedom and to every man his
right.

This is no time to bicker. We who have tried your
worth

Bid you stand shoulder to shoulder, for the peace of all
God's earth.

We have shared this land in common, you have proved
the Old Land's word,

Now let us keep together, the homes we have won by
the sword.

TO THE PAPERS AND POLITICIANS

WILL ye hear a cry from the Scrap Heap, ye who have
seen your men,

March bright-eyed to the battle, who may not come
thence again?

Know ye the spirit that sent them, heads high, a swing
in their stride

To fight as they fought at Ypres, to die as McGregor
died,

To stand tight-lipped in the trenches, in a blizzard of
shot and shell—

Or, for Canada, charge light-hearted into the vortex of
Hell?

'Twas the spirit of national honour, that must fight for
right and truth,

'Twas the call of the Mighty Mother to her proud
Canadian youth

Who have laid your flag on His altar, who wreathes
your brows with fame

Whilst ye still bicker and backbite to blazon the nation's
shame.

A curse on your vile commissions, that suggest and
advertise theft,

While young men fight for your honour as the best of
the old things left.

Will You take the crown the boys won with their
sacrificial blood

Clive Phillips-Wolley

And to gain a party triumph, drag your country's name
through the mud?

Can ye not pull together to lift your Canada's head,
Whose pride alone consoles her as she kneels by her
gallant dead?

She is hurt beyond hoping or healing, yet she has not
flinched nor cried;

She is proud of the boys her Mother took, will ye not
spare her pride?

‘SCRAPPED’

IN the last dull flat of a river,
That has all but reached the Sea,
Where it pauses, half dead, to shiver
Ere it plunge in Eternity,
On the mud it has purged ere it passes
Lies a warship of England's Fleet,
Fouled by the slime and the grasses
Impotent—obsolete. . . .

Outside is the sound of the surges
As they toll at the river's bar,
Above them, triumphant, emerges
The thunder of Britain's war—
Her mates are living the story
For which she was laid and built,
They are fighting or sinking in glory—
She rots alone on the silt. . . .

Was it a breeze made her shiver,
By the envious years entrapped,
In the fog at the mouth of the river,
Unused, obsolete, scrapped?

Sheila Rand

'Sheila Rand' is the pen-name of Mrs E. Arakie Cohen of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Born in Cambridge, England, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs I. W. Jacobs, who now reside in Detroit, Michigan. Married Mr. Cohen in England in 1908, and came to Winnipeg the same year. Book Reviewer, and Editor of Woman's Page, on the staff of 'The Winnipeg Telegram.'

THE JEWISH 'NEWSY'

TREBIZOND has fallen to the Russ!
The Russians gain important victory!
The Telegram gives all the latest news!
The Russians take the fortress Trebizond!

The old voice quavers on the 'Trebizond,'
The dog-like eyes seem blurred with cataract,
He fumbles in the pocket of his coat—
The green-black coat too long below the knee—
For change to give the eager purchaser.

*'Yes, mister, here is all the latest news,
The Russians gain important victory,
The Fortress Trebizond.'* . . .

Over his soul the noon-day crowd surges,
A brackish water.
The old Jew stands inert
And lets a sharp-faced youngster make the sales.
He is a lad again on Russian soil,
He sees his father hanging from a beam,
With hands and feet cut off and eyes burnt out.
And not far off his mother lies,
A hideous mass of loathsome flesh.
O God! his infant sister . . . Duschka . . . little
flower . . .

*'Yes, mister, there's a victory!
One nickel only for the Telegram!
The fortress Trebizond has fallen to the Russ!'*

Sheila Rand

TO ONE WHO DIED IN ACTION

FOR thirteen years,
Each first of June,
We marked our heights upon the schoolroom door.
With girlish jeers,
Each first of June,
I scoffed, 'O cousin, you must grow still more
If you would be as tall as I
Next first of June!
My solemn, pale-faced cousin, Fie!
To let me win the race.'

Ah me! To-day,
This first of June,
They wrote that you in Flanders found a grave.
So now I say,
This first of June,
'O pale-faced cousin, sleeping with the brave,
Would I could grow as tall as you
Next first of June,
And stride, as British heroes do,
With head above the clouds!'

ON A CANADIAN PRAIRIE, MAY 24TH, 1915

THE Three-Flowered Avens bow most gracefully
To purple-tinted grasses growing near.
Thanks be to God for this sweet tranquil place,
Where one forgets such things as race,
And hate, and devastating war.
Hark! I can hear
The piquant tantalizing trill
Of Canada's most saucy mocking bird.
O how describe the thrill
Of joy one feels, when coming face to face
With lissome Spring in all her finery!

I only know a very ecstasy
Of gladness floods my sad heart,
As, glancing from the calm cerulean sky
To the green grass below,
The iridescent vetch, pink, mauve, and blue,
Flashes a bright welcome to my eager eye.
O simple vetch, how cunningly you grow,
As if some *Prairie-elf*,
Just to amuse himself,
Has woven variegated patterns in the grass!

A tuft of violets gaze timidly
From out a growth of fallow, thirsty grass.
'Tis strange to find such beauty hiding here,
But then the *Prairie's* breast is fair
Until the sun's lips press too close.
Now as I pass with gladsome step across the mead,
I catch the bashful *Meadow Lark's* rich note.
I pluck a simple weed,
And leaf of columbine, and in my hair,
I twine these symbols of simplicity.
Vanished is all my former misery.
Thanks be to God for this sweet place!
My throat begins to throb with happy pain,
For just beyond that mound,
I see a golden gleam, a saffron star.
O joy to meet one's childhood-friends again.
O winsome cowslip, now that you are found,
I know that Spring is here,
And Summer must be near,
For you have ever been his dainty harbinger.

I gazed awhile in silence, then I cried,
'I never saw a blossom smile like you,
Bright, roguish cowslip. O but you are sweet!'
I picked those growing at my feet,
And as I pinned them at my breast,
A whistle blew.

Sheila Rand

Shrill was its note, but yet so gay
I looked in wonder toward the smoke-veiled South,
And there, a mile away,
Panted the hero of a May Day treat.
The train came swiftly down the country side.

I snapped a poplar branch and on it tied
My pocket-handkerchief, and waved.
A hundred pennants answered my salute.
Oh, I felt so glad
To see that joyous, noisy, living crowd!
Just then the train shrieked out its warning hoot,
And one, more daring than the rest, a lad,
His cap in hand, leaned out
And tried his best to shout
Some message as the train rushed onward to the North.

Did his voice carry? No, that could not be,
I was too far to catch those wind-blown words;
Perhaps the wheels of that gay, thundering train
Echoed and echoed them again,
Until I could not choose but hear;
Perhaps the birds
Chirped them in oft-repeated song.
How e'er it was, I understood the boy
Whose message was not long,
But long enough for me to sense eternal pain—
'She's in the war at last, old Italy?' . . .
Hark how the wheels repeat, *old Italy!*
My eyes are blind with tears. Alas,
Another nation's bleeding at the breast!
Italians count their dead.
Restless, beside a little stagnant pool,
A Killdee whistles like a man distressed,
Killdee, Killdee, now Italy is red!
A black crow caws in flight,
Italy's in the fight!
And over all the Prairie is a crimson dye!

Beatrice Redpath

Mrs William Redpath of Montreal. Author of 'Drawn Shutters,' a first book of poems, published in 1914, which attracted the attention of discerning critics. Born in Montreal, the youngest daughter of Alexander Peterson, C.E. Educated in private schools. Married in April, 1910.

THE MEN OF CANADA

'MY eyes are blind,
For tears I cannot see their faces
As they stumble past;
Their blood dyes my robe and hands.
Yet still I see their wounds,
Their wounds that bleed!
Oh God, what is this hate,
That rends . . . that crucifies?
The tears of the world tonight
Are in my heart.
The beautiful proud world,
How it bleeds and bleeds!
Is there no end to hate?
How long . . . how long?'

'Your tears have blinded you . . .
Look, see this man,
See how the blood drips from his breast,
One arm hangs slack
And there is blood upon his brow.
Do you remember him?
A simple man living among his fields,
Drowsed with content
Same as his beasts which stretched full fed.
He was glad in the land
Glad in his home and in his sons,
And life was all an easy plodding thing. . .
Until . . . war as a fever swept the world!
The beasts still lay about the fields
And browsed. . . .

Beatrice Redpath

But this man, even this simple man
Stretched out his hand for the sword;
For now was made plain
What thing was dearer even than life.
Oh, see him now,
This stumbling shattered thing,
Look in his eyes, if you can see for tears,
Is it hate you see?
Look, look in his eyes
See them, as they go past,
And is it hate you see?
Look . . . look in his eyes!
Have you seen love like this?
Look in his eyes!' . . .
'And these were simple men!'

THE YEARS

WITHIN old cloistered woods I hear leaves fall
As softly as a quiet summer rain,
The earth lies silent 'neath its leafy pall,
While years tread softly where dead hopes are lain;
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return!

And some passed swiftly as a pulsing flame,
While there were those that dreamed 'neath slumb'rous
 skies,
Some sped white-winged and others stumbled lame,
Some years were as a wheeling flight of sighs;
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return!

Oh, time of hidden pain, oh, time of tears,
Now would I rest, for I am weary quite!
The years move always, slowly drifting years,
Beyond the shadow of the Infinite.
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return!

Major Charles G. D. Roberts

The distinguished Canadian litterateur, now serving in the Canadian War Records Office, London, England. Eldest son of late Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Fredericton, N.B., and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, and Emma Wetmore Bliss, daughter of the late Hon. G. T. Bliss, Attorney-General of New Brunswick. Educated at Fredericton Collegiate School, and at the University of New Brunswick (B.A., 1879; M.A., 1881; LL.D., honorary, 1906). Author of seven books of poetry of rare excellence, and many volumes of beautiful prose—histories, novels and stories of animals.

CAMBRAI AND MARNE

BEFORE our trenches at Cambrai
We saw their columns cringe away.
We saw their masses melt and reel
Before our line of leaping steel.

A handful to their storming hordes,
We scourged them with the scourge of swords,
And still, the more we slew, the more
Came up for every slain a score.

Between the hedges and the town
The cursing squadrons we rode down;
To stay them we outpoured our blood
Between the beetfields and the wood.

In that red hell of shrieking shell
Unflinching our gunners fell;
They fell, or ere that day was done,
Beside the last unshattered gun.

But still we held them, like a wall
On which the breakers vainly fall—
Till came the word, and we obeyed,
Reluctant, bleeding, undismayed.

Major Charles G. D. Roberts

Our feet, astonished, learned retreat;
Our souls rejected, still, defeat;
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went,
Till suddenly we turned, and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

At last, at last we turned and stood—
And Marne's fair water ran with blood;
We stood by trench and steel and gun,
For now the indignant flight was done.

We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire,
We trod their masses into mire;
Our sabres drove through their retreat
As drives the whirlwind through young wheat.

At last, at last we drove them back
Along their drenched and smoking track;
We hurled them back, in blood and flame,
The reeking ways by which they came.

By cumbered road and desperate ford
How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
Shout, Sons of Freeman, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai!

TO SHAKESPEARE, IN 1916

WITH what white wrath must turn thy bones,—
What stern amazement flame thy dust,—
To feel so near this England's heart
The outrage of the assassin's thrust.

How must thou burn to have endured
The acclaim of these whose fame unclean
Reeks from the 'Lusitania's' slain,
Stinks from the orgies of Malines.

But surely, too, thou art consoled
(Who knew'st thy stalwart breed so well)
To see us rise from sloth, and go,
Plain and unbragging, through this hell.

And surely, too, thou art assured.
Hark how that grim and gathering beat
Draws upwards from the ends of earth,—
The tramp, tramp of thy kinsmen's feet.

MEADOW REST

THE green marsh-mellows
Are over him.
Along the shallows
The pale lights swim.

Wide air, washed grasses,
And waveless stream;
And over him passes
The drift of dream;—

The pearl-hue down
Of the poplar seed;
The elm-flower brown;
And the sway of the reed;

The blue moth, winged
With a flake of sky;
The bee, gold ringed;
And the dragon fly.

Major Charles G. D. Roberts

Lightly the rushes,
Lean to his breast;
A bird's wing brushes
The place of his rest.

The far-flown swallow,
The gold-finch flame,—
They come, they follow
The paths he came.

'Tis the land of No Care
Where now he lies,
Fulfilled the prayer
Of his weary eyes;

And while around him
The kind grass creeps,
Where peace hath found him
How sound he sleeps.

Well to his slumber
Attends the Year;
Soft rains without number,
Soft noons, blue clear,

With nights of balm,
And the dark, sweet hours
Brooding with calm,
Pregnant with flowers.

See how she speeds them,
Each childlike bloom,
And softly leads them,
To tend his tomb!—

The white-thorn nears
As the cowslip goes,
Then the iris appears;
And then, the rose.

Lloyd Roberts

The eldest living son of Major Charles G. D. Roberts (q.v.). Born in Fredericton, N.B., October 31st, 1884. Educated in the local schools and subsequently at Windsor, N.S. When twenty years of age, was Assistant Editor of 'Outing Magazine,' New York. Later, became an editorial writer for 'The National Encyclopædia of American Biography.' For several years has been Editor of Immigration Literature, in the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. Author of 'England Over Seas,' a book of distinctive verse, published in 1914. His fine war poem 'Come Quietly, Britain,' is included in my larger anthology, 'Canadian Poets.'

IF I MUST

GOD knows there's plenty of earth for all of us!
Then why must we sweat for it, deny for it,
Pray for it, cry for it,
Kill, maim and lie for it,
Struggle and suffer and die for it—
We who are gentle and sane?

Let us respect one another, wherever we are.
Fly your flag, O my brother;
I like its bright colour, whether red, green or yellow;
Your language is queer, but I'll learn it in time;
And you're a dear fellow,
If your laws are not quite so clean as our own:
But then ours need pruning, and thistles have grown.

So I won't spill your blood, for that's not the way
To assist in law-making, whatever some say.
I'll try by example to lead you aright
Out of the shadows and into the light—
If you'll do as much for me.

Lloyd Roberts

What! You don't understand?
You refuse my right hand?
You say might is right,
And to live we must fight?
Are we still in such plight?
Poor, blind, stupid fool, so deep in the dust—
Well, hand me the gun—
If I must—if I must!

ARMENIA

HAVE you got a mother? A sister? A brother?
Maybe a child? Surely someone most dear?
Then you I am speaking to, you, not another
Must hear.

She is dying in Morash! Your sister is dying!
Didn't you know it?
A league from the town by the road she is lying,
While the soldiers are laughing and chaffing
To see her die—
And blind, broken, bitter, the dumb mass crawls by.
Of course she's your sister—just as much as your sister—
Her God is the same, her form and her face.
You've not even missed her or thought of that place?
If Turkey-in-Asia were Turkey-Right-Here
Then would you care?

Your mother was old—too old for such worry—
But they drove her outside.
Hurry! Hurry!
She was too old to hurry
And so, she died.

Your mother? I know she's your mother—
Just the same eyes, just the same breast—

Lloyd Roberts

For mothers are mothers, one place as another,
East or West.

Your brother? They tell me he's down on the Coast
With a knife at his back and death in his eyes,
Cursed and condemned by the Moslem host
And Christ's allies.

He's another such fellow as you, no doubt,
Yet he dies like a rat in a Turkish trench.
Why? To keep his friends the English out,
And the French,

Those who would save his wife—and yours—
His little children—just like your own—
While you—well, you read it as part of the wars—
In your home!

THE KINGDOM OF THE SEA

WHAT price will England pay for it if England holds the
sea?

*For neither earth, nor air, nor sea is given duty free.
If English ships would stay, then English men must pay—
Think well before you ask of God the Kingdom of the
Sea!*

What price did England pay for it three hundred years
ago,
When Philip's Great Armada came driving huge and
slow,
In arrogance and pride, red tyrants of the tide,
To blight the North Sea Islands with their bigotry and
woe?

Lloyd Roberts

'Twas but a flock of privateers that sunk the fleet that day:

'Twas but a crew of city clerks that left their shops to pay

For their red-cheeked English wives and their peaceful English lives,

And the right to cut their broadcloth in the same old English way.

What price did God demand of her at Nile and Trafalgar,
When all the seas about her coast were thundering with war;

When the Man of Destiny set claim upon the sea,
Swearing the Lord had deeded him the waves forevermore?

'Twas but a little one-armed man who went to pay the debt:

He ran a string of flags aloft lest any man forget
The bill that he must meet that day with England's fleet—

And all who read of Trafalgar will know how it was met!

O Admirals of England, the debt is due today!
God makes demand of England—have you the price to pay?

Does the coin that he demands still lie in British hands?
If so then England's glory will not be swept away!

What price will England pay for it, if England holds the sea?

For neither earth, nor air, nor sea is given duty free.

*If English ships would stay, then English men must pay,
As Englishmen have always paid since England held the sea!*

Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts

The youngest brother of Major Charles G. D. Roberts (q.v.). Born at Fredericton, N.B., July 7th, 1877. Educated at the Fredericton Collegiate School and at the University of New Brunswick. Married, in 1903, Frances Seymore, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Allen, and has several children. Author of many novels of adventure and romance: 'Hemming, the Adventurer,' 'Brothers of Peril,' 'The Red Feathers,' 'A Cavalier of Virginia,' 'A Captain of Raleigh's,' 'The Wasp,' 'The Toll of the Tides', etc. A writer of strong, original verse of enduring merit. Also serving in the Canadian War Records Office, London, England.

THE FIFES OF VALCARTIER

THUMPS the big drum,
'Come.'

And thin and bitter-sweet the fifes are calling me—
'Come up and serve your country in the red fields over-sea.

'Come up and serve your King, in this his needful day,
On the torn fields of the old world, four thousand miles away.'

Rap the little drums,
'Come.'

And shrill and thin as a child's cry the black fifes call
to me,

And wring my heart, and turn my face to the red fields
over-sea—

'Come up and serve your country, in this her needful
day,

'Where tyrants strike at her great heart, four thousand
miles away.'

But soon the drums are silent, the thin fifes cease their
cry,

The only sound is the thud of feet as the regiments go
by;

And soft and clear and bitter-sweet a dear voice cries
to me

Of the days of peace and love and ease that are not
over-sea.

Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Oh, slow our feet are tramping, and the bitter dust drifts
up.

Oh, slow our hearts are beating, and bitter is the cup.

Then—

Thuds the big drum,

‘Come.’

And quick and high and sharp and thin the fifes cry out
to me,

‘Come out, come up and serve your King in the red
fields over-sea;

‘Stand up, stand out for Freedom, in this distressful day,

‘For they strike at all you have and love, four thousand
miles away.’

A CANADIAN DAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1916

STEADY they come, as those who had come in the morn-
ing,

Unshaken they passed where the bursting barrage was
set;

They passed their victorious comrades; they passed to
their goal—

The machine-gunned houses and gardens of Courcel-
lette.

Into and through it, they flamed like fire through stubble;

With death before them, behind them, and swift in the
air,

They struck stark fear to the hearts of the craven foe-
men;

With bomb and steel they dug the Boche from his lair.

September the Fifteenth. That was a day of glory,

With blood, with life, they captured the fortress town;

While far away, in the dear land they died for,

In frosty coverts the red leaves fluttered down.

Mazo De La Roche

Miss Mazo de la Roche is of French and Irish descent. She was born and educated in Toronto where she now lives. Her short stories are appearing in the leading American magazines.

THE MAIDEN SPEAKS

LET the columbine, unnoticed,
Lift its frail defiant head—
Let the tender grass, new-crocused,
Be but covering for the dead—

Only name the stars in sorrow,
Stars that sadder make the night;
They shall flee before the morrow—
Sing no song to mark their flight!

But if note of thrush or starling,
Poised on ardent morning wing,
Shall delight my distant darling,
Let him be the one to sing—

Let him sing a song of Springtime,
Let him bid the columbine
Bloom again to grace our ring-time,
Let him bid my star to shine!

Duncan Campbell Scott

One of Canada's greater poets. Author of 'The Magic House and Other Poems,' 'In the Village of Viger,' 'Labour and the Angel,' 'New World Lyrics and Ballads,' 'John Graves Simcoe,' 'Via Borealis,' 'Lundy's Lane and Other Poems,' etc. Born in Ottawa, Canada, August 2nd, 1862. Educated in the public schools of his native city, and at Stanstead Wesleyan Academy. His father was the late Rev. William Scott of the Methodist ministry. In 1880 entered the Canadian Civil Service at Ottawa, in the Department of Indian Affairs, and is now 'Deputy Superintendent General.'

TO A CANADIAN AVIATOR

Who Died for his Country in France

TOSSED like a falcon from the hunter's wrist
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering noise,
And thou hast dared, with a long spiral twist,
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-chant
Subdued to a whisper—then a silence,—
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.

Duncan Campbell Scott

But ere that came a vision sealed thine eyes,
Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence it sprang.

In all their eyries eagles shall mourn thy fate,
And leaving on the lonely crags and scaurs
Their unprotected young, shall congregate
High in the tenuous heaven and anger the sun
With screams, and with a wild audacity
Dare all the battle danger of thy flight;
Till weary with combat one shall desert the light,
Fall like a bolt of thunder and check his fall
On the high ledge, smoky with mist and cloud,
Where his neglected eaglets shriek aloud,
And drawing the film across his sovereign sight
Shall dream of thy swift soul immortal
Mounting in circles, faithful beyond death.

TO A CANADIAN LAD KILLED IN THE WAR

O NOBLE youth that held our honour in keeping,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
And brought it in with shouts and exultation,
With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
Of suns unwearied; all unwithered, wearing
Thy valour stainless in our heart of hearts.

Duncan Campbell Scott

TO THE HEROIC SOUL

I

NURTURE thyself, O soul, from the clear spring
That wells beneath the secret inner shrine;
Commune with its deep murmur,—'tis divine;
Be faithful to the ebb and flow that bring
The outer tide of spirit to trouble and swing
The inlet of thy being. Learn to know
These powers, and life with all its venom and show
Shall have no force to dazzle thee or sting:

And when Grief comes thou shalt have suffered more
Than all the deepest woes of all the world;
Joy, dancing in, shall find thee nourished with mirth;
Wisdom shall find her Master at thy door;
And Love shall find thee crowned with love empearled;
And Death shall touch thee not but a new birth.

II

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And that alone prevails which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave:
Then from the portal where the ripple rings,
He bursts into the boundless morning,—free!

Frederick George Scott

'The Poet of the Laurentians.' Hon. Lieut.-Col. Canon Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., Senior Chaplain of the 1st Canadian Division. Has served heroically at the Front for four years and now lies wounded in Endsleigh Palace Hospital for Officers, London, England. Born in Montreal, April 7th, 1861.

THE SILENT TOAST

THEY stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around;
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

Richard Scrace

'Richard Scrace' is the pen-name of Mrs J. B. Williamson of Guelph, Ontario. 'England, My Dreamland,' was first published in 'The Queen,' London, England; and 'Venice,' in 'The Globe.'

ENGLAND, MY DREAMLAND

YOU call from your chalk cliffs!
But I am in a garden green,
And a wide sea between,
England, my dreamland!

To me your hedge flowers, daffodils—
Remote as fairy gold; and yet,
The kinship-sense, that in me lives
A life unchecked by earth's regret,
Has found its closest touch with kin
Beside some ivied manor-wall.
I tread the roads of centuried dust
And dew-distilled enchantments fall.
All songs your poets sang, I hear.
In fields by undaunted legions won
I see their splendour, as the dawn
Shows my unwondering eyes the sun.
In war's sonorous litanies
I help the priest and people chant:
And on my cheek a chilly wind
Blows—and the flaming candles slant. . . .
I learned your story when my world
Was compassed by the pasture bars:
Learned as I learned the names of flowers
And conned the mythics of the stars.

The fighting men! again they come
Up from the plains of mystery:
They watch above your castle heights,
The passion of the world to see.

On the rim of the shining cup
To fealty pledged, our lips are set:
Scarce hath the ancient music ceased
Ere love must pay the ancient debt.
England, my dreamland!

VENICE

To Ruskin and Others

CAN it be heaven where you have gone?
Can you maintain supernal peace whilst here below
The place God smiled on waits a final blow?
You, who loved Venice, in the days
When, floating on her waterways
You drowsed in mist of sunlit dawn;
Or when the moon, above the square,
Made shadowed shafts and traceries—where
Earlier fluttered friendly birds?
Comes not to you as in a fateful dream,
A picture of islands in a sea of glass,
Whose reeds give way as fishers pass,
Disturbed not yet by destiny,
Whilst dark within the quarry lay
The marble in its soulless mass?
(They ponder, they who vigil keep.)
Then came the simple fishers; men
Who built their shrine beside the fen;
They worked with love and faith and trust,
And raised a glory from the dust.
They gave to arch and dome and tower
The tint and outline of a flower.
Within the temple shone again
The lichens' melancholy gold;
They wrought, in marvels manifold,
The green and violet of the plain.
The acanthus leaf curled round the stone
As by a whirlwind blown.

Richard Scrace

The quarrymen have fled the house.
In red its polished stones are dyed;
By blood they trace their message, they
Who worked with angels at their side.

'Resist, resist, again resist!'
The souls of all things lovely cry
From spire and tower, wherever fell
The thoughtful glance of artist eye.
Without a vision we perish, they say,
In night as dark as ever lay
On earth; and in that gloom we die.

God blessed the myth that dwelt with man,
And shall not Venice, too, survive?
The same protecting angels guard
The glory of the ancient plan!

THE POTTER

GIVE me the clay,' the Potter said,
'My kiln is ready charged with fire;
The mass shall leave its miry bed
And feel the trend of my desire.

'Give me the clay, that I may make
My dream a real, a beauteous thing!
I thrill with thirst, and I must slake
That thirst in joys of fashioning.'

O wondrous Artist, who hast willed
A fadeless pattern for our clay—
With all it asks—give too, we pray—
The hall-mark of our Ancient Guild.

Thy finger-print alone can give
A splendour to the sodden grey—
Take then, O Man of Dreams, our clay
And by Thy fire, fit us to live!

Robert W. Service

The well-known poet of the Yukon. Author of 'Songs of a Sourdough,' 'Ballads of a Cheechako,' 'The Trail of '98' (a novel), 'Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,' 'The Pretender' (a novel), 'Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,' etc. Born in Lancashire, England, in 1876. Educated in Glasgow, in the Hillhead High School, and in the University of Glasgow. Came to Canada in his twenty-first year. Was a clerk in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at White Horse in the Yukon District, when most of the poems in his first book were written. See 'Canadian Poets' for further particulars.

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

OH, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but
the thrumming

Of a woodpecker a-rapping on the hollow of a tree;
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was
the drumming

Of the mustering of legions, and 'twas calling unto me;
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across
the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in
wonder,

For I heard a savage roaring and 'twas coming from
afar;

Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas only summer
thunder,

And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was
war;

'Twas the chariots of battle where the mighty armies
are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet
sail a-flying,

And the word he said was 'war' again, so what was
I to do?

Oh, the dogs they took to howling, and the missis took
to crying,

As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;

Robert W. Service

Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till an island hid the view.

Says the factor: 'Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier-men a-plenty.

You're as grizzled as a badger, and you're sixty year or so.'

'But I haven't missed a scrap,' says I, 'since I was one and twenty.

And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!

So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's eighteen months ago.

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter

In the trenches of the Argonne with the Boche a step away;

And the partner on my right hand was an apache from Montmartre;

On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburg, U.S.A.

(Poor fellow! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago;

And they calls me Old Methoosalah, and *blagues* me all the day,

I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago,

And laugh to see me plug a Boche a half a mile away.

Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.

And at night they gather 'round me, and I tell them of my roaming

In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the Frozen
Sea;
Where the musk-ox runs unchallenged, and the cariboo
goes homing,—
And they sit like little children, just as quiet as can be:
Men of every clime and colour, how they hearken unto
me!

And I tell them of the Furland, of the tumpline and the
paddle,
Of secret rivers loitering, that no one will explore;
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap and the
saddle,
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their eyes
beseech for more;
While above the star-shells fizzle and the high explos-
ives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-haunted, where the big bull moose
are calling,
And forests still as sepulchres with never trail or
track;
And valleys packed with purple gloom, and mountain
peaks appalling;
And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at Fond du
Lac;
And I find myself a-thinking: Sure I wish that I was
back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batteries are
roaring,
And the fellows on the firing steps are blazing at the
foe;
And I yarn of fur and feather when the *marmites* are
a-soaring,
And they listen to my stories, seven *poilus* in a row,
Seven lean and lousy *poilus* with their cigarettes aglow.

Robert W. Service

And I tell them when it's over how I'll hike for Athabaska ;

And those seven greasy *poilus* they are crazy to go too.
And I'll give the wife the 'pickle-tub' I promised and
I'll ask her

The price of mink and marten, and the run of cariboo ;
And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to work
anew.

For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen a nation
scattered ;

And an army swung to slaughter, and a river red with
gore ;

And a city all a-smoulder, and . . . as if it really
mattered,

For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's on
the shore ;

And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is singing
gladly,

And I'll rest in Athabaska, and I'll leave it never more.

JEAN DESPREZ

OH ye whose hearts are resonant, and ring to War's
romance,

Hear ye the story of a boy, a peasant boy of France ;

A lad uncouth and warped with toil, yet who, when trial
came,

Could feel within his soul upleap and soar the sacred
flame ;

Could stand upright, and scorn and smite, as only heroes
may :

Oh, harken ! Let me try to tell the tale of Jean Desprez.

With fire and sword the Teuton horde was ravaging the
land,

Robert W. Service

And there was darkness and despair, grim death on every
hand;
Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's black
abyss;
The wolves of war ran evil-fanged, and little did they
miss.
And on they came with fear and flame, to burn and loot
and slay,
Until they reached the red-roofed croft, the home of
Jean Desprez.

'Rout out the village, one and all!' the Uhlan Captain
said.
'Behold! Some hand has fired a shot. My trumpeter is
dead.
Now shall they Prussian vengeance know; now shall they
rue the day,
For by this sacred German slain, ten of these dogs shall
pay.
They drove the cowering peasants forth, women and
babes and men,
And from the last, with many a jeer the Captain chose
he ten;
Ten simple peasants, bowed with toil; they stood, they
knew not why
Against the grey wall of the church, hearing their
children cry;
Hearing their wives and mothers wail, with faces dazed
they stood.
A moment only . . . Ready! Fire! They weltered
in their blood.

But there was one who gazed unseen, who heard the
frenzied cries,
Who saw these men in sabots fall before their children's
eyes;

Robert W. Service

A Zouave, wounded, in a ditch, and knowing death was
nigh,
He laughed with joy: 'Ah! here is where I settle ere I
die.'
He clutched his rifle once again, and long he aimed and
well . . .
A shot! Beside his victims ten the Uhlan Captain fell.

They dragged the wounded Zouave out; their rage was
like a flame.

With bayonets they pinned him down, until their Major
came.

A blonde, full-blooded man he was, and arrogant of eye;
He stared to see with shattered skull his favourite Cap-
tain lie.

'Nay, do not finish him so quick, this foreign swine,' he
cried;

'Go nail him to the big church door: he shall be crucified.'

With bayonets through hands and feet they nailed the
Zouave there,

And there was anguish in his eyes, and horror in his
stare;

'Water! A single drop!' he moaned; but how they
jeered at him,

And mocked him with an empty cup, and saw his sight
grow dim;

And as in agony of death with blood his lips were wet,
The Prussian Major gaily laughed, and lit a cigarette.

But 'mid the white-faced villagers who cowered in
horror by,

Was one who saw the woeful sight, who heard the woe-
ful cry:

'Water! One little drop, I beg! For love of Christ who
died. . .'

It was the little Jean Desprez who turned and stole aside;

It was the little bare-foot boy who came with cup abrim
And walked up to the dying man, and gave the drink to
him.

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear him fast
away.

The Prussian Major swings around; no longer is he gay.
His teeth are wolfishly agleam; his face all dark with
spite:

'Go, shoot the brat,' he snarls, 'that dare defy our
Prussian might.

Yet stay! I have another thought. I'll kindly be, and
spare;

Quick! give the lad a rifle charged, and set him squarely
there,

And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Haste! make him
understand

The dying dog he fain would save shall perish by his
hand;

And all his kindred they shall see, and all shall curse his
name,

Who bought his life at such a cost, the price of death
and shame.'

They brought the boy, wild-eyed with fear; they made
him understand;

They stood him by the dying man, a rifle in his hand.
'Make haste!' said they; 'the time is short, and you must
kill or die.'

The Major puffed his cigarette, amusement in his eye.
And then the dying Zouave heard, and raised his weary
head:

'Shoot, son, 'twill be the best for both; shoot swift and
straight,' he said;

'Fire first and last, and do not flinch, for lost to hope
am I;

And I will murmur: Vive La France! and bless you ere
I die.'

Robert W. Service

Half-blind with blows the boy stood there; he seemed
to swoon and sway;
Then in that moment woke the soul of little Jean
Desprez.
He saw the woods go sheening down; the larks were
singing clear;
And O the scents and sounds of Spring, how sweet they
were! how dear!
He felt the scent of new-mown hay, a soft breeze fanned
his brow;
O God! the paths of peace and toil! How precious were
they now!

The Summer days and Summer ways, how bright they
were with bliss!
The Autumn such a dream of gold . . . and all
must end in this:
This shining rifle in his hand, that shambles all around;
The Zouave there with dying glare; the blood upon the
ground;
The brutal faces 'round him ringed, the evil eyes aflame;
That Prussian bully standing by, as if he watched a
game.
'Make haste and shoot,' the Major sneered; 'a minute
more I give;
A minute more to kill your friend, if you yourself would
live.'

They only saw a barefoot boy, with blanched and
twitching face;
They did not see within his eyes the glory of his race;
The glory of a million men who for fair France have
died,
The splendour of self-sacrifice that will not be denied.
Yet . . . he was but a peasant lad, and oh! but life
was sweet . . .

Robert W. Service

'Your minute's nearly gone, my lad,' he heard a voice repeat.

'Shoot! shoot!' the dying Zouave moaned; 'Shoot! shoot!' the soldiers said:

Then Jean Desprez reached out and shot . . . the
Prussian Major dead.

CARRY ON

IT'S easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:
Carry on! Carry on!

There isn't much punch in your blow.
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind;
Carry on! Carry on!

You haven't the ghost of a show;
It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,
Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life,
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave and starve and be brave
When the dawn of success is beginning;
But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer—there's the man of God's choosing;
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

Carry on! Carry on!
Things never were looming so black.
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,

Robert W. Service

And though you're unlucky you never are weak;
 Carry on! Carry on!
 Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but—you never can tell—
 Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,
 And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others I know who in piety go
 Because of a Heaven to follow.
But to labour with zest and to give of your best,
 For the sweetness and joy of the giving,
To help folks along with a hand and a song:
 Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

 Carry on! Carry on!
 Fight the good fight and true.
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
 Carry on! Carry on!
 Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
 Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

THE COWARD

'AVE you seen Bill's mug in the *Noos* to-day?
'E's gynyed the Victoriar Cross, they say;
Little Bill wot would grizzle and run away,
 If you 'it 'im a swipe on the jawr.
'E's slaughtered the Kaiser's men in tons;
'E's captured one of their quick-fire guns,
And e' 'adn't no practice in killin' 'Uns
 Afore 'e went off to the war.

Little Bill wot I nussed in 'is byby clothes;
Little Bill wot told me 'is childish woes;
'Ow often I've tidied 'is pore little nose
 Wiv the 'em of me pinnyfore.

And now all the papers 'is praises ring,
And 'e's been and 'e's shaken the 'and of the King,
And I sawr 'im to-day in the ward, pore thing,
Where they're patching 'im up once more.

And 'e says: 'Wot d'ye think of it, Lizer Ann?'
And I says: 'Well, I can't make it out, old man;
You'd 'ook it as soon as a scrap began,
When you was a bit of a kid;'
And 'e whispers: ' 'Ere, on the quiet, Liz,
They're makin' too much of the 'ole dam biz,
And the papers is printin' me ugly phiz,
But . . . I'm 'anged if I know wot I did.

"Oh, the Captain comes and 'e says: 'Look 'ere!
They're far too quiet out there; it's queer.
They're up to somethin',—'oo'll volunteer
To crawl in the dark and see?'
Then I felt me 'eart like a 'ammer go,
And up jumps a chap and 'e says: 'Right O!
But I chips in straight, and I says, 'Oh, no!
'E's a missis and kids,—take me!'

"And the next I knew I was sneakin' out,
And the oozy corpses was all about,
And I felt so scared I wanted to shout,
And my skin fair prickled wiv fear;
And I sez: 'You coward! You 'ad no right
To take on the job of a man this night,'
Yet still I kept creepin' till ('orrid sight!)
The trench of the 'Uns was near.

"It was all so dark, it was all so still,
Yet somethin' pushed me against me will;
'Ow I wanted to turn! Yet I crawled until
I was seein' a dim light shine.
Then thinks I: 'I'll just go a little bit,
And see wot the doose I can make of it,'

Robert W. Service

And it seemed to come from the mouth of a pit:
'Christmas!' sez I, 'a mine.'

"Then 'ere's the part wot I can't explain:
I wanted to make for 'ome again,
But somethin' was blazin' inside me brain,

So I crawled to the trench instead;
Then I saw the bullet 'ead of a 'Un,
And 'e stood by a rapid-firer gun,
And I lifted a rock and I 'it 'im one,
And 'e dropped like a chunk o' lead.

"Then all the 'Uns that was underground,
Comes up with a rush and on with a bound,
And I swings that giddy old Maxim round
And belts 'em solid and square.
You see I was off me chump wiv fear,
'If I'm sellin' me life,' sez I, 'it's dear,'
And the trench was narrow and they was near,
So I peppered the brutes for fair.

"So I 'eld 'em back and I yelled with fright,
And the boys attacked and we 'ad a fight,
And we 'captured a section o' trench' that night
Which we didn't expect to get;
And they found me there with me Maxim gun,
And I'd laid out a score if I'd laid out one,
And I fainted away when the thing was done,
And I 'aven't got over it yet."

So that's the 'istory Bill told me.
Of course it's all on the strict Q. T.;
It wouldn't do to get out, you see,
As 'e hacted against 'is will.
But 'e's convalescin' wiv all 'is might,
And 'e 'opes to be fit for another fight;
Say! Ain't 'e a bit of the real, all right?
Wot's the matter with Bill!

Virna Sheard

Mrs Charles Sheard of Toronto, wife of Dr. Charles Sheard, M.P. Author of 'The Miracle and Other Poems,' 'Trevelyan's Little Daughters,' 'A Maid of Many Moods,' 'By the Queen's Grace,' 'The Man at Lone Lake,' etc. Born at Cobourg, Ontario. A daughter of the late Eldridge Stanton of Toronto. Of United Empire Loyalist descent. A booklet of her war poems, entitled 'Carry On,' has been widely distributed.

THE YOUNG KNIGHTS

NOW they remain to us forever young
Who with such splendour gave their youth away:
Perpetual Spring is their inheritance,
Though they have lived in Flanders and in France
A round of years, in one remembered day.

They drained life's goblet as a joyous draught
And left within the cup no bitter lees.
Sweetly they answered to the King's behest,
And gallantly fared forth upon a quest,
Beset by foes on land and on the seas.

So in the ancient world hath bloomed again
The rose of old romance—red as of yore;
The flower of high emprise hath whitely blown
Above the graves of those we call our own,
And we shall know its fragrance evermore.

Now if their deeds were written with the stars,
In golden letters on the midnight sky
They would not care. They were so young and dear,
They loved the best the things that were most near,
And gave no thought to glory far and high.

They need no shafts of marble pure and cold;
No painted windows radiantly bright;
Across our hearts their names are carved deep—
In waking dreams, and in the dreams of sleep,
They bring us still ineffable delight.

Methinks heaven's gates swing open very wide
To welcome in a host so fair and strong;

Virna Sheard

Perchance the unharmed angels as they sing
May envy these the battle-scars they bring,
And sigh ere they take up the triumph song!

THE SHELLS

O MY brave heart! O my strong heart! My sweet heart
and gay!

The soul of me went with you the hour you marched
away,

For surely she is soulless, this woman white and still,
Who works with shining metal to make the things that
kill.

I tremble as I touch them,—so strange they are, and
bright;

Each one will be a comet to break the purple night.
Grey Fear will ride before it, and Death will ride behind,
The sound of it will deafen, the light of it will blind.

And whom it meets in passing, but God alone will know:
Each one will blaze a trail in blood—will hew a road of
woe.

Oh, when the fear is on me, my heart grows faint and
cold!

I dare not think of what I do, of what my fingers hold!

Then sounds a Voice, 'Arise, and make the weapons of
the Lord.

He rides upon the whirlwind! He hath need of shell
and sword!

His army is a mighty host, the lovely and the strong,
They follow Him to battle, with trumpet and with Song!

O my brave heart! My strong heart! My sweet heart
and dear!

'Tis not for me to falter! 'Tis not for me to fear!
Across the utmost barrier—wherever you may be—
With joy unspent, and deathless, my soul will follow
thee!

CROSSES

ALL your broken war-spent heroes,
Lord of War and Grief, you pay
With a cross of moulded iron,
Hard-wrought iron cold and grey!
On the Somme you grant five thousand
And five thousand at Verdun;
At the dawn of day you count them
And at setting of the sun.
On the trampled fields of Flanders,
On the bitter roads of France,
Where the big guns chant their war-songs,
And the crimson death-lights dance,
There you count the iron crosses
Of such high and far renown,—
Grim and grey the men who win them;
Theirs the cross—and yours the crown. . . .

But the little wooden crosses
You have given the peaceful dead—
O the little wooden crosses,
By each young low-lying head,
Though the tender grasses hide them
Or they fall beneath the snows,
Not a cross shall be forgotten;
God Himself has counted those!

THE SEA

THE sea is just a cradle wide and deep,
A cradle that the moon rocks to and fro;
What peace they find who there fall fast asleep,
What lovely dreams—'tis not for us to know.

But God hath sent the angel of the sea
To sing to them an endless lullaby;

Virna Sheard

And that they may not dread night's mystery,
He lights for them the candles of the sky.

They are infolded by the silken waves
And wrapped in shining blue and emerald green;
They drift through opalescent ocean caves
That only God Himself hath ever seen.

The great salt wind that no man holds in thrall
Touches them softly as it passes by,—
I think the silver sea gulls know them all,
And greet them with their lonely tender cry.

For but a little little round of years,
The sweet sun-sprinkled foam will be their bed,
And they will slumber—hushed from any fears—
To waken, when the sea gives up her dead.

REQUIEM

WEEP for the dead; weep for the swift slain dead,
November skies;
Too few the tears that day and night are shed
From women's eyes.

Blow o'er them lightly with a soft caress,
Wind of the sea,
If you are tender they may miss love less—
Where e'er they be.

Come, gentle moon, swing low your lantern light
On reddened fields,
And find the lonely harvest of the night
That battle yields.

Banish the darkness filled with quivering dread,
Lest they should know
Some last strange horror—even they—the dead—
Sweet moon, swing low.

Fold them at dawn, dear earth, within your arms
So safe and strong;
Hold them asleep till they forget alarms,
And woe and wrong.

Master of Kings! If peace be bought with pain
These paid the price;
O show Thy tortured world that not in vain
Is sacrifice!

YESTERDAY

WE are forgetting all the old grey saints,
A bloom of dust lies on the martyrs' shrines;
From storied windows that the sunlight paints,
We rarely read the dear familiar lines;
They seem a part of things so far away,
These haloed ones—the saints of yesterday.

We are forgetting all the ancient lore
Of time-dimmed battles, with their unnamed dead;
All, all have vanished—we shall nevermore
In dreams unfurl their banners, stained with red;
A tidal-wave has drifted them away
Into the limbo of Life's yesterday.

We are forgetting all the mighty men:
The knights in clanking armour of the past;
We care not that by forest and by fen,
Their fighting done, they soundly slept at last;
They all belong to grief so far away,
The long and bitter tears of yesterday.

We are forgetting all the hours of peace,
The sweet sun-sprinkled hours of gold on green,
The careless hours we thought could never cease,
The merriest hours the world has ever seen.
They are so very, very far away,
Those white untroubled hours of yesterday.

Virna Sheard

For Death goes to and fro upon the earth—

It follows in the wake of marching men;

And we who knew the olden peace and mirth,

Will never, never, know the same again.

The scented wind across the boughs of May

Brings but the memory of some yesterday.

And now our Saints are young, with starry eyes:

Age hath not set his mark on one of these.

They are the Winged Victors of the skies!

The singing soldiers of our lands and seas!

Our very own—our very own are they;

We only lift our eyes to them to-day!

DREAMS

KEEP thou thy dreams—though joy should pass thee by;
Hold to the rainbow beauty of thy thought.

It is for dreams that men will oft-times die,—

And count the passing pain of death as nought.

Keep thou thy dreams, though faith should faint and fail,

And time should loose thy fingers from the creeds:

The vision of the Christ will still avail

To lead thee on to truth and tender deeds.

Keep thou thy dreams through all the winter's cold,

When weeds are withered, and the garden grey;

Dream thou of roses with their hearts of gold,—

Beckon to summers that are on their way.

Keep thou thy dreams—the tissue of all wings

Is woven first of them; from dreams are made

The precious and imperishable things,

Whose loveliness lives on, and does not fade.

Keep thou thy dreams, intangible and dear

As the blue ether of the utmost sky,—

A dream may lift thy spirit past all fear,

And with the great, may set thy feet on high!

Albert E. S. Smythe

'The Poet of Theosophy.' Born at Gracehill, a Moravian village, County Antrim, Ireland, December 27th, 1861. Associate Editor of 'Daily World,' Toronto.

THE CHAMPIONS

ENNOBLED by the mightiness of Life
That poured its valour in their eager souls,
They turned from boyhood and the pleasant goals
Of sport and home and love, to join the strife
Of God and Chaos, following the fife
And drum of sun-helmed Michael, who controls
The cosmic war, and as the battle rolls,
Leads the young Champions where death most is rife.

Some lost their bodies, garments of the flesh,
Yet they will come anew. But now they rest,
A glorious company, in realms of light.
With joy they'll come, their spirits to enmesh
Once more in dust, still plighted to the quest,
To clear the world of all the brood of night.

NOTRE DAME DEMETER

OUR gracious lady, bending from the stars,
Mother of men, on thy dear heart we lean,
Our hands all blood, but all our wishes clean,
Still dauntless, but so weary of the wars,
And sick of Kaisers militant and Tsars
Who slay for pride and lust of power, and mean
Their own good only, hastening to glean
The field of hate ere death let down the bars.

Our enemy and we sleep in thy breast
When the tired day is done, and if we yearn
To cradle deepest in thy love, release
One arm to him to lull his sullen rest;
Bathe him with pity should his night-watch turn
His broken heart to pardon and to peace.

A. C. Stewart

Head of the firm of A. C. Stewart & Co., tunnel and bridge contractors, Fort William, Ontario. Born in County Down, Ireland, August 16th, 1867. Came to Ontario when a small child, and grew up on a farm in Pickering township. In early manhood entered upon a career as an employee in railway construction, and steadily rose in the business until he became an independent contractor.

THE SHELL

I'M the High-Explosive Shell,
The Giant Shell!
The lathed and polished copper-ringed, the Masterpiece
of Hell,
The deadly Shell!
Sired by the God of Death
In destruction's maddened mood,
Nurtured in the womb of Wrath—
Queen of devastation's brood;
From my mother earthquake-torn,
I, the lyddite-souled, was born.
I am the Shell!

I'm the Shell!
The crashing Shell,
The nation-wrecking, race-destroying, world-engulfing
Shell,—
The murderous Shell!
I'm the final god and first,
Worshipped, vilified, accurst,
There are no more gods save me,—
Nothing human or divine,
Neither on the land nor sea,
Ever held command like mine,
Earth is whirling in my spell,
I am the Shell!
The Foster-Son of Science, that hath studied long and
well

To formulate a force that makes an infant's toy of
Hell—

I'm the Shell,
The Monstrous Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The unsung Shell!

He flounders in futility who apes my thunderous swell.

I have sunk the Poet's drone

To a maudlin monotone;

The Tornadoes of my Threnodies belong to me alone—

Stranded in Conception's storm,—

Thither by the Tempest blown,

Huddled close his shaken form,

He sits crouching like a crone,

While explosive Devastation peals its deafening cyclone,

And the Vendors cheap of lies

Stammer in a dazed surprise,

Whelmed in dark ferocious horrors, deeper than they
dared devise,

Glutted, choked with red atrocities up to their foolish
eyes—

In the blood and murder zone,

I am single and alone;

Imagination faints, and fails to follow where I've flown.

I am the Shell!

The monstrous Shell—

Degeneracy's Nightmare never hatched a parallel

To me, the Shell!

I'm the High Explosive Shell,

The deafening Shell!

My volcanic diapason makes a drowsy hum of hell;

As I crash across the sky

Charnel houses multiply,

And, out of human semblance blown, the nameless
thousands lie,

A. C. Stewart

While the stricken nations quail
Groping dumbly in the gale,
And bow their sacrificial heads against the iron hail.
Lo! my doom is but begun,
My commands shall be obeyed,
They shall render Sire and Son
To the gods their fools have made.
They shall welter in the shambles till they cease to be
afraid,
And, choked with blood, repudiate the idols whom they
prayed.

I am the Shell!
The prophetic, analytic, the iconoclastic Shell,
The smiting Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The cynic Shell!
With my weird and demon's breath
Breeding millionaires from Death,
And crowning skulking cowards with bold Valour's
stolen wreath,
With my ghoulish ghastly art,—
While the blood of Courage flows
Clotting from the hero's heart,
I transmute it to a rose,—
In the commercial buttonhole, how jauntily it blows!

I have fattened up the lean,
Dignified the base and mean,
Made a Magnate of the Mucker, changed the Harlot to
a Queen;
I have swallowed up the brave
With the chivalrous and good,
Left the Poltroon and the Knave,
As a curse to Womanhood,—
To submerge the high heroic with Degeneracy's brood,
While my steel-starred lightnings slay,
Fatuous mongerers of words,

Creatures of the "Cult of Prey,"

Wallow through the crimson curds,
Gasping grey grotesque philosophies above the shambled
herds.

But I,—I am the Shell,
Cosmic Judge of men and nations, whom no sophistry
can quell.

How I hail in fierce ecstasies

Commerce and her bloodless sons,

Howling deathless patriotics,

Hedged behind the belching guns.

I'm the venomous Scourge of Time,

Proof and Penalty of Crime.

I have scorched the Conqueror's laurels and made murder
unsublime;

I have rung the Despot's knell,

I am the Shell!

I'm the High Explosive Shell,

Coercion's Shell!

King, when unmasked Diplomacy steps naked from her
cell.

All the studied terms of guile,

In the loom of Falsehood wrought

With the brain-entangling wile,

Suddenly become as nought,

And Rapine, savage, unrestrained, foams through the
breach he sought.

Crude dissimulations cease,

Murder mounts his gory throne,

Frenzy slits the throat of Peace—

In a trice—to the Unknown

The spider webs of Plattitudes and Policies are blown.

I'm the Ego of these things—

Custom, Commerce, Cash and Kings,

Who keeps their dupes, the brainless-born, careering
round in rings.

A. C. Stewart

I wield autocratic sway,
When I speak the serfs obey,
Flung forward in their multitudes that I may blast and
slay.

I am the Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The blighting Shell,
Of the myriads that have mustered I alone know how
they fell,
Corps, division and platoon,
Flung in fragments at the moon—
Surging on in swift array,
Armies meet and melt away [clay.
Confounded, and compounded with their basic matter,
From the belching of my breath
Plunge Niagaras of Wrath,
That whelm the marching millions in colossal waves of
death.

Youth the valiant, blighted, dies
As I scream across the skies,
Flinging Wreck and Desolation to the nations as their
prize:
From the Fortress of the Soul
I explode the mind's control,
And horror-maddened human things echo my echo's roll.
In my orgy fierce and dread,
Stumbling o'er the shapeless slain,
Stricken deeper than the dead
Cover the shattered—soul and brain,
And grinning idiots babble at the terrified insane.

I am the Shell,
The Lathed and Polished Copper-ringed, the Master-
piece of Hell,
The maddening Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The Dark'ning Shell!

My smoke-clouds shroud Dominions where my red rain
never fell:

Far beyond the seven seas,
On the mountain and the plain,
Hearts are shrunken to the lees,
Souls are withered for the slain.

I am the Shell!

My dread reverberations echo over hill and dell,
Where the grey-haired Mother sits,
Fearful that the sock she knits
Will never reach the boy whose face before her vision
flits.

And the widowed matron sews
While her strained eye overflows,
As the toddler by her chair
Gazes 'tranced at her despair,
Awed by the blighting tragedy of which he is the heir.
Victory strikes no vibrant tone
In her bosom reft and lone,

Her heart rocked in an agony for him who was her own.
I am the Shell,

I owe it to the Diplomats to do my function well.
They temporized and fell.

But I—I am the Shell!

Arbitrament's Finality—the Power that *can* compel.
I am the Shell!

On human love, despair and grief I have no time to
dwell.

I am the Shell!

The resolute Destroyer of the woof and warp of Hell,
The soulless Shell!

I am the Shell!

Not wholly nor forever the fierce instrument of Hell:
Though I sweep in fearful guise,
Flaming Murder, Hate and Wrath.
Grief relumes the darkened eyes.
Life is vitalized by Death.

A. C. Stewart

I am the Shell!

I'm the spirit of Reform,
Sovereign of the Battle-Storm,
My explosions wreck the blind
Misconceptions of the mind

And blast them formless, shattered, from the highway
of mankind.

And my dread convulsions shake,
Rule's foundation bond and form;

Till the boldest visions quake

Striving to o'erpeer the storm—

While self-concentered Parasites still strive to keep them
warm—

But I—I am the Shell.

Finance, the Prolocide, hath spawned a ghoul it cannot
quell.

I am the Shell!

The gory Retribution of the knaves who buy and sell
The blood and souls of dunces whom they toss off-hand
to Hell.

I am the Shell!

I strip Fool and Flunky bare:

In the crucible of war.

All the bloodless Frauds that were,

Lie revealed the dregs they are.

I'm the Shell!

The desolating, renovating, re-creating Shell.

'The Shell!'

The doom of putrid Privilege, Emancipation's Shell,

The crashing Shell,

'The Shell,'

'The Shell!'

Eloise Street

Miss Eloise W. Street of Chilliwack, British Columbia. Born there, October 19th, 1893. Educated in the local Public and High Schools. When fifteen years old, her health was permanently impaired by a serious illness. Has written verse since childhood, and has a lyrical gift of fine quality.

PARTING

BE Comforted!
If here our rainbow dies,
In barren gray before our aching eyes,
It is not dead
But glows for us dream bright in other skies.
Be comforted!

Be comforted!
The springtime is not done,
Because her snowdrops wither one by one;
Flowers passion red
Will bloom for us beneath some other sun.
Be comforted!

Be comforted!
'Tis written we shall meet,
Some day, some hour, where love shall be complete;
So lift your head
And smile into my eyes again, O sweet!
Be comforted!

'AND THEY SHALL RETURN'

YOU are coming to me!
You are coming to me!
How it sings in the breeze,
The stir of the trees,

Eloise Street

Where new little leaves join the sweet melody
Of meadowlark's trill!

I hear it and thrill

With the rapture of springtime that brings you to me!

You are coming to me!

You are coming to me!

Each blossom feels it,

Each bird note peals it,

Joy flames aloft in each red hawthorne tree!

Red petals falling—

Oh, hear the birds calling

The springtime, the springtime that brings you to me!

You are coming to me!

You are coming to me!

Swift pulse beats tell it,

Wild longings swell it,

Soul throbs to soul in a mad ecstasy!

Oh, the hope of it, thought of it,

Tense gladness wrought of it,

Love's glorious springtime that brings you to me!

Arthur Stringer

Author of 'Pauline and Other Poems,' 'The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems,' 'Irish Poems,' etc., and numerous novels: 'The Silver Poppy,' 'The Wire Tappers,' 'Phantom Wires,' 'The Under Groove,' 'The Gun Runner,' 'The Shadow,' 'The Prairie Wife,' 'The Hand of Peril,' 'The Door of Dread,' etc. Born in London, Ontario, February 26th, 1874, son of Hugh Arbuthnott Stringer. Educated in local schools; and at University College, Toronto, and the University of Oxford. As poet and novelist his fame has spread widely.

THE ANGLO-SAXON BROOD

DEEP round her lair the dim sea growls,
Gaunt through her night the old Lion prowls;
Alert and lone, she scans astir
The Hunters, and the Hunters, her!
They bide their time; discreet they wait
About the tangled paths of hate;
While toothless now and old, 'tis said,
She whines and slumbers on her dead!

She toothless now—when East and West
Each Cub and Whelp of her grim breast
Snarls, writhing, tumbling, drunk with life,
And points its fangs on th' bones of strife;
And once the old roar shakes the night
The Hunters who have shunned the light
And thought her silence solitude,
Shall meet and know the Lion's Brood!

CHRISTMAS BELLS IN WAR TIME

FROM spire and tower, in silvery tune,
The chimes like birds take flight,
Where that dim golden boat, the moon,
Drifts slowly down the night.

Aloud, alert, alone, they cease
And wake, these midnight bells,

Arthur Stringer

Proclaiming, through their clamour, Peace
Where Peace no longer dwells.

Yet chime by chime, like homing birds,
They float, soar up, recede,
A gust of old-time gladdening words
That back to Sorrow lead.

For as we listen, bell by bell,
They bring about us here
Our ghostly dead who sleep so well
We dare not dream them near.

*So be still blithe, O Bells, and gay,
Since through the old glad sound
Our dead come home this Christmas Day
From grave-strewn Flanders ground!*

WAR

FROM hill to hill he harried me;
He stalked me day and night;
He neither knew nor hated me,
Nor his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me,
For such they made his law;
Then foot by foot I fought to him,
Who neither knew nor saw.

I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leapt up in the air.
The screaming ball tore through his breast,
And lay embedded there.

Lay hot embedded there, and yet
Hissed home o'er hill and sea
Straight to the aching heart of one
Who'd wronged not mine nor me.

Ruth Strong

Miss Ruth Strong of Hamilton, Ontario, an undergraduate of the University of Toronto.

THE CAMPUS—JUNE, 1916

UTOPIA—Land of Content—
The dreamy, golden glamour of a June morning:
Blue lilac blooms caressing the rank grass
Where dandelions riot
Glorious ere their swift decline;
And scarlet blots against the tender green
Of waving elms,
Beside the deep, cool grey of Gothic Knox.
Picture of Artisy! Alas, the scarlet
Is the red of drilling soldiers' coats—
The World's at War!

A BLIND SOLDIER—IN A GARDEN

A FAIRY took my hand to-day
And led me to a garden.
I felt the softness of the grass—
Flower perfumes spoke to me.
I gathered round, smooth apples, and as I stooped,
The sun was warm upon my back.
Down a path I met a wind;
Leaning against it I breathed hard,
I felt its vigour and laughed deeply.
Into the garden crept music—
Leaping to glad rhapsody, I listened. . . .
Out from the back, danced a girl,
White and beautiful—
Down to a clear green pool she danced,
Her hair flaming in the sun,
Her blue eyes smiling over the wet red stones,
Her arms stretched out to me.
I reached out to her
And a cold, drear mist embraced me—
Flanders Black!

Archibald Sullivan

The youngest son of the late Bishop of Algoma (Anglican), the Right Reverend Edward Sullivan. Of Irish-Scotch descent. Born in Sault Ste. Marie. Educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and at Loretto, a school for boys in Musselburgh, Scotland. By profession an author. Lived for ten years in London, England, contributing to several of the leading magazines. Since his return has lived and followed his profession in New York.

THE PLAINT OF THE CHILDREN

WHAT have we done?
Lifted a little laughter to the sun,
Played where the brooks like silver truants run,
Kneeled the good God at twilight one by one.

What has our childish world of little things
To do with Princes, Emperors and Kings?
We know the flowers are dead and no bird sings—
What have we done?

Oh, by the pleading of our little hands,
Lifted above the turmoil of these lands,
God of the wretched—God who understands—
What have we done?

Nothing but breathe the beauty of Your air
Till dust and turmoil set Your sky aflare.
Now there is nothing—no one—anywhere—
What have we done?

Pain travels quickly. We are tired and small,
And Hunger crouches by each shattered wall;
Death is our playmate—He will end it all.
What have we done?

John Stuart Thomson

Author of 'Estabelle and Other Verse,' 'Day's Song,' 'Eulalive,' 'The Chinese,' 'China Revolutioned,' etc. Born in Montreal in 1872, and educated in local schools and at McGill University. Has travelled extensively. An authority on Far Eastern questions. Lives in New Jersey, U.S.A.

THE CHARGE OF THE CANADIAN CAVALRY AT MOREUIL, FRANCE

THERE was champing of bits,
When the trumpets blew loud
For a charge on the pits;
For a dash through the cloud
Of gray smoke on the field.
Not a man of us there
But had children to shield,
Or a home in his care.
But the ring of the steel
Bad our courage leap high;
And the trumpets' last peal
Made it glorious to die.
With a wheel to the right,
We first rode four abreast,
Till the foe came in sight.
Ye that watched! tell the rest.
Our good chargers we spurred,
And our keen blades rang true;
Round our heads the shells whirred,
As we cut our way through.
Though they fought round their guns,
Till their sword hilts grew hot;
(And a foeman who runs
Is a dog to be shot)

John Stuart Thomson.

Though they rallied around
Their torn flag; with a shout,
And a last mighty bound,
We had put them to rout.

There was champing of bits;
There was slacking of rein;
We had *taken* the pits,
By our ride down the plain.

Over Moreuil to-night,
Four brave flags greet the stars:
Britain's red flag of fight;
And the States' Stars and Bars

Twine with Canada's Jack,
And the Tricolour true;
Lo! Democracy's back,
Potsdam kings! you are through!

HIS DARKEST HOUR

HOW I have loved thee, Earth! scenes that I leave,
Gardens of musing walled in laurel white;
Eve's bowers, whence the vesper-bird would grieve
In plaintive numbers for the waning light,
And pour its swelling heart of love abroad;—
Soft winding valleys of deep, dewy grass,
Grazed o'er by sleek and slowly wandering kine;
Old roads with golden-rod
Lined festive, as though Orient Kings might pass;—
Now all is lost—the song, fruit, sun and wine!
The matin bird, that hurried his clear flute,
The swift unfolding glories of the day
To praise, has now departed, or is mute;
The feathery birches of the woodland way,
Whose leaves, like to a thousand lamps of light,
Twinkled across the waning sun, are bare;

The Hebe blush of life is lost; the smile
Of hope from my dim sight
Passes away; the hooded face of Prayer
Lingers alone o'er Earth's cold shrine awhile.

And thou hast ta'en my flowers, conspiring Death!
That Love and I had chosen for our speech:
Roses for ardour, with a passioned breath;
Lilies for Love's own soul; and unto each
Sweet blossom we had given qualities:
Pansies for innocence, because their eyes
Are always open wide; daisies for grace;
Poppies for that rich ease,
That trust of love, whose only words are sighs;—
All thou hast ta'en, and veiled too e'en Love's face!

So seems it now, tried soul! But from Death's seed
Rise Spring; translated Love; a hero's crown; God's face
indeed!

OUR CANADIAN HERO

HE is not dead! but of that band on high,—
That host seraphic round the feet of God,
Who draw our souls to spurn this earthly sod;
His larger service now breathes forth no sigh;
The Christ, his Lord, he seeth eye to eye.
Oh, ye who loved him for the love he gave,
Weep, but not always, o'er his shell-strewn grave!
The cause grows greater as its martyrs die.

The State is re-born, as each hero lays
His life upon the sacrificial stone.
Why rings fair Canada in all men's praise?
Look! see her rise from blood and bitter moan!
List! God is saying to His Blessed Son:
'Ypres, and Lens, and Calvary, are one.'

Bernard Freeman Trotter

Killed in France, May 7th, 1917, while serving at the Front as a Transport Officer. Lieutenant Trotter was born in Toronto, June 16th, 1890, son of Rev. Professor Thomas Trotter of McMaster University and Ellen M. Freeman. Educated at Horton Collegiate Academy, Wolfville, Nova Scotia; Woodstock College; and McMaster University (B.A., 1915). A young man of high ideals and noble purposes; and a poet of great promise.

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT

Written while frail health prevented enlistment

PEACE . . . Peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds . . . the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of afterglow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet ah! how few brief, fleeting moments since,
That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle lines
Where late my Country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild,
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—oh! but now
These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
Wherein man fell to rise; and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear
Though far, the clash of arms, the shouts, the groans—
A world in torment, dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here

Bernard Freeman Trotter

In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
Their orchards, fields and cities: 'They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power;
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe.
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
That what they died for be not overthrown.'

Peace . . . Peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a caged leopard chafing at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life out, an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best
Achieving patience in the gods' despite
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.

THE POPLARS

O, A LUSH green English meadow—it's there that I would
lie—
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English
sky.

The elm is aspiration, and death is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru;
But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes
through.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows
 them silver white,

The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the
 oak its girth,

That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savor of old forgotten things,
Before 'reality' had marred the child's imaginings:
I can believe in fairies—I see their shimmering wings.

I see the clear vision of that untainted prime,
Before the fool's bells jangled in and Elfland ceased to
 chime,

That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime—

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and sere,
From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall
 appear

When the white winter angel leads in the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

AN APRIL INTERLUDE—1917

APRIL snow agleam in the stubble,
 Melting to brown on the new-ploughed fields,
April sunshine, and swift cloud-shadows
 Racing to spy what the season yields
Over the hills and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
 Hoofs on the highroad: *Ride—tr-r—ot!*
 Spring's in the wind, and war's forgot,
As we go riding through Picardy.

Up by a wood where a brown hawk hovers,
 Down through a village with white-washed walls,

Bernard Freeman Trotter

A wooden bridge and a mill-wheel turning,
And a little stream that sports and brawls
Into the valley and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
Children and old men stop to stare
At the clattering horsemen from *Angleterre*,
As we go riding through Picardy.

On by the unkempt hedges, budding,
On by the Chateau gates flung wide.
Where is the man who should trim the garden?
Where are the youths of this country-side?—
Over the hills and far away
Is war, red war, this April day.
So for the moment we pay our debt
To the cause on which our faith is set,
As we go riding through Picardy.

Then the hiss of the spurting gravel,
Then the tang of the wind on the face,
Then the splash of the hoof-deep puddle,
Spirit of April setting the pace
Over the hills and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
Heigh! for a ringing: *Ride—tr-r—ot!*
Ho!—of war we've never a thought
As we go riding through Picardy.

'ICI REPOSE'

His last poem, the manuscript of which reached his parents the day after he was killed.

A LITTLE cross of weather-silvered wood,
Hung with a garish wreath of tinselled wire,
And on it carved a legend—thus it runs:
'*Ici repose—*' Add what name you will,
And multiply by thousands: in the fields,
Along the roads, beneath the trees—one here,
A dozen there, to each its simple tale

Bernard Freeman Trotter

Of one more jewel threaded star-like on
The sacrificial rosary of France.

And as I read and read again those words,
Those simple words, they took a mystic sense;
And from the glamour of an alien tongue
They wove insistent music in my brain,
Which, in a twilight hour, when all the guns
Were silent, shaped itself to song.

*O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in glory,
Safe from corruption, purified by fire,—
Ask you our pity?—ours, mud-grimed and gory,
Who still must grimly strive, grimly desire?*

*You have outrun the reach of our endeavour,
Have flown beyond our most exalted quest,—
Who prate of Faith and Freedom, knowing ever
That all we really fight for's just—a rest,
The rest that only Victory can bring us—
Or Death, which throws us brother-like by you—
The civil commonplace in which 'twill fling us
To neutralize our then too martial hue.*

*But you have rest from every tribulation
Even in the midst of war; you sleep serene,
Pinnacled on the sorrow of a nation,
In cerements of sacrificial sheen.*

*Oblivion cannot claim you: our heroic
War-lustred moment, as our youth, will pass
To swell the dusty hoard of Time the Stoic,
That gathers cobwebs in the nether glass.*

*We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten
Effluvia of the peace we fought to win,
The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten,
Effaced by later failure, sloth, or sin;*

*But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever,
Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowned endeavour
The spur that holds the nations to their vows.*

Horatio Wallace

Mr Wallace is a Master of Arts (Edinburgh), and an Edinburgh lawyer (a Writer to the Signet). He came to Canada in 1903, and for four years, planted and worked a fruit-ranch at Kelowna, British Columbia. At present is a law-clerk in Winnipeg. Author of 'The Song of the Madness of the Children of Odin.'

THE FAITH-BREAKERS

IN the great name of our humanity,
Before the bar of nations, we impeach you;
Before the soul of man we do impeach you;
Before the Throne of Justice we impeach you;
Yea, be it with reverence, in the name of God—
In that ye have, for lust of pride and glory,
For greed of power and o'er-much seeking of it,
For wrongful rule which is its own destruction,
In that cold, cynic wisdom of your folly
And salt o'er-flowing of your insolence,
Outraged the sense of honour and of faith,
And violated in the heart of man
Its living hope in goodness.

The world were poorer
By this your crime, but that its very grossness
Makes the gorge rise, yea, strips from the true devil
His veiling robe of light. Ye stand impeached.
Of all the innocent blood we do impeach you;
Of all the ruined lives we do impeach you;
Of all the bitter tears and heavy sorrows,
In long, sad nights full of dear, vanished faces,
When morning brings no balm—the great indictment
Streams like a fire to heaven. Ye stand impeached.
And Time, God's minister, who works with justice,
After the stroke and thunder-voice of battle,
Dashing your winged ambitions to the dust,
Shall, in that awful silence, when men's hearts
Dimly conceive the foulness wrought upon them
And shrink, in comprehending, past all curses,

Horatio Wallace

As leaving you to judgment, Time shall doom you—
Shall doom you with the great and final sentence:
'Their works are evil, and they shall not stand;
Blot out their line, erase their infamy,
Yea, save for warning, let their memory die!'
For we believe, and trust in God, believing,
There is a power of goodness in the world,
Even in the victims of your mad bewitchments,
A power of light, and of the glory of it,
That may not be o'ercome by any evil,
Though mailed in proof and armed from lowest hell.

BRITAIN

THERE was a Britain once, who stood alone
'Gainst a leagued world, and won; and shall she fail,
When round her all the sanctities of earth,
The fervid dreams, the heavenward fantasies,
The grace and kindness of the enlarging time,
And Love's sole self, the vision of them all,
In one clenched phalanx of invincible power
Stand for the right? Doubly she is inspired
By memory and desire; her mighty dead
Call from their graves, and her eternal star
Beacons the gracious goal.

Freedom lie dead?

Never! And, bending to her mighty task
The sinewed strength of all her centuries
She, with the pillars of that Godless house
Gripped right and left, shall wrench them to their fall;
A Samson's triumph with no Samson's fate,
Striving her mightiest and her uttermost.
And she shall win. If she should fail, the heaven
Were emptied of the hope of man's desire,
Made blank with slavery; body, mind and spirit
Subdued to shameful bondage. *She'll not fail.*

Albert Durrant Watson

Author of 'The Sovereignty of Character: Lessons from the Life of Jesus,' 'The Wing of the Wild-Bird,' 'Love and the Universe, the Immortals and Other Poems,' 'Heart of the Hills,' etc. A transcendental and reflective poet with a big message, revealed by his interpretations of God and men. Born in Dixie, county of Peel, Ontario, January 8th, 1859, youngest son of William Youle and Mary A. (Aldred) Watson. Educated at Victoria and Edinburgh Universities (M.D.; L.R.C.P.). Ex-President of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. President of the Psychical Research Society of Canada. Dr. Watson is a practising physician in Toronto.

FREEDOM

Written, Lusitania Day, 1915

A THOUSAND million eager marching feet
Go thundering onward to the lethean shore,
While upward through the human birth-gates beat
A thousand million more.

Ye who take up the instrument of life,
Think not your heritage of joy was won
Without the waging of eternal strife
Beneath the wistful sun.

Your fathers challenged life with faith so vast
Achievement stands their monumental creed;
They sought no vindication from the past
Save in immortal deed.

O sacred Freedom, in life's holy war,
We pay thy cost however great it be,
Though ruined cities all the earth should scar
And ships go down at sea!

Then dare the billow and the fourfold blast,
Let each last reef and pennant be unfurled;
What though great Freedom cost us at the last
The wrecking of a world!

BELGIUM

BELGIUM, thy name great glory hath;
When Might to baseness stooped, thy wrath
Withstood him in the battle-path.

The towers that might have been thy trust
They burned and razed and beat to dust—
Still wast thou valiant and august.

We treasure all thy deathless tears;
No quenching through the endless years
Thy silent, solemn grandeur fears.

On every sea, on every strand,
Thy name for faithfulness shall stand,
Belgium, the brave, immortal land!

The everlasting years shall ring,
While sun shall shine or heart shall sing,
With fame of Albert, Belgium's king.

MOTHER OF NATIONS WHY

DOES the Mother of Nations draw the sword
To rescue her children oppressed?
They have all that the richest lands afford;
They sit content at an ample board
As safe as a bird in its nest.

Has she laid her spear on the shield of Mars
New lands in the wars to gain?
Her dominions extend wherever the stars
Are blushing with shame for our foolish wars;
Her ships are on every main.

And not that the world may acclaim her grand
Is the roar of her guns on the seas;
Her name is lusted on every strand,
Her glory is known to the farthest land
Where her standard floats on the breeze.

Ah, this is the pillar of cloud and fire
That leads her hosts along;
This, this is the goal of their deep desire,
The road where their feet shall never tire,—
To be just, keep faith and be strong.

So the Mother of Nations has risen in might
At the word of the onward call;
She has shaken her banners forth to the light,
And marched to the front of the people's fight
Like the van of a tidal wall.

And the future shall say of her sons who died,
Wherever their feet have trod
With millions of comrades in arms allied:
'They cast the treasures of earth aside
And marched to the goals of God.'

THE PACT

"We shall never sheathe the sword until . . . military domination is wholly and finally destroyed."—ASQUITH.

BEFORE the flaming eyes of history
Our country stands, all honours laid aside
Save her deep scars, for these alone abide—
The mounds in Flanders, the nobility
That sleeps beneath the thunders of the sea,
The bruised heart of mother, orphan, bride,
The glory of heroic men who died
Or maimed live, broken for you and me!

Albert Durrant Watson

The bright immortal hosts bend from afar
To whisper through the land in this great hour
Their consecration, fortitude and power—
Their warning lest we miss the morning star—
Beseeching, by the precious blood they shed:
Break not your solemn compact with the dead!

THE BUGLE

THE Empire needs, in this dark day of slaughter,
Great-hearted men, unawed by doom or dread;
What valour have you shown, what service brought her
To match the tribute of her glorious dead?

You who the loyal standard boldly flaunted
While peace around you guarded like a wall,
What do you now when Freedom is blood-haunted,
Do braggart words but make your deeds seem small?

When in the future days they tell the story
Of how the brave, the hero-hearted died,
When Liberty is crowned with fadeless glory,
Will you be standing honoured at her side

Because you ventured all nor sought a reason
Why other men should die and you go free,
Because you held not back in coward treason
While comrades fought your fight on land and sea?

Amid the gallant ranks that did not waver
Before the blight that shook old Britain's shore,
Will you be one whose prowess helped to save her,
Who went to war that war should be no more?

The troopship in the harbour rideth ready,
The tumult thickens. Hear the scornful word!
The foe is mocking. Lift the anchor—steady!
High tide. The ship's away! Are you aboard?

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

THY peace, O God, our hearts implore!
No armistice red-shot with gore;
No fist of steel with threat fear-clad,
But peace that earth has never had,
With Love sun-gilding every shore.

Spurn we all peace that dares ignore
Thy justice. Down the battle-roar,
The cry rings clear, though stern and sad:
Thy peace, O God!

We crave no peace that has a score
Of tyrannies deep at its core;
No wealth and squalor, money-mad,
But peace that makes the whole world glad,—
Thy peace, O God!

DAWN

THOUGH thunders deep the hearts of men are
shaking

And war-wolves raven red-eyed, fierce and wild;
Though overhead a storm of blood is breaking
Where once the peace-star smiled;

Brightly the sunrise of Love's dawn is turning
On this dark earth a light before unknown;
A flame of purpose in the soul is burning
And God is on His throne.

Unfurl the emblems of a life unbounded;
Fling ample banners to the upper blue;
Soar to the heights and plumb the deeps unsounded,
Bring nobler paths to view.

The birth of new dominions is impending;
A new world leaps beneath the old world's heart,

Albert Durrant Watson

And faith beholds blue skies of freedom bending—
Up, People! Do your part.

Lift every voice for world-emancipation;
Give Wisdom, Love and Service fullest power;
Rouse, rouse, ye people to the consummation
Of this your dawning hour!

AFTER

AFTER the storm—a calm
That startles the blue to surprise,
And lustres the path
Where earth lies
All spent by the hurricane's wrath.

After the day of toil—
The hush of the cool summer eve,
The purple-dyed west,
And the weave
Of beautiful things sun-caressed.

After the dark, the morn
Dims softly each radiant star,
Till the blush of its ray
Hides afar
In the heart of the conquering day.

After the fight is o'er,
And the tumult of conflict is past,
From a whirlwind of dust
Shall a vast
Dawn break to an infinite trust.

And the war shall be nothing at last
But a glistening tear, love-impearled,
By sorrow and sacrifice left
On the sunlit face of the world.

Frank Wise

The well-known publisher, President and General Manager of 'The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited,' Toronto, Ontario. Born in Boston, Lincolnshire, June 15th, 1868, and also educated in England. Author of 'The Empire Day by Day,' etc.

THE TRICOLOUR

THE fields are ploughed by cannon,
Burned cottage, byre and shed,
The orchards slashed in wantonness,
The snow is trampled red,
But below the seeds are bursting,
And soon our eyes will greet
The bluet and the poppy and the modest marguerite.

For God hath sown the midden
Where late the gardens blew,
The battle-fields, where lie our brave,
The fields and hillsides, too,
And they will bloom this summer,
Despite the trampled mud,
The daisy and the bluet and the poppy red as blood.

And He will watch them tenderly,
And see they reach no harm,
Those million million flow'rets,
But keep them fed and warm.
So when we conquer back our own,
These three we shall descry—
The poppy and the daisy and the bluet like the sky.

Among our captive people,
Their faith grows with the rain,
That o'er the fields this summer
Their flag will float again.
E'en now in dreams they see it,
The Tricolour—a wraith—
The bluet and the poppy and the daisy like their faith.

Margaret Hilda Wise

Daughter of Mr Frank Wise. Born in Rahway, New Jersey, U.S.A., October 16th, 1899. Educated at Havergal College and University College, Toronto. Contributes short stories and verse to Canadian publications.

THE ANGELS AT MONS

THE silent legions of the Lord
Came riding by—
The blinding flash of the flaming Sword,
Under the flaming sky.

A handful passed from the jaws of death,
And stumbled by,
But a host was quelled by a fiery Breath,
Under the flaming sky.

THE HEROES OF GALLIPOLI

NO epitaph is theirs—yet need they none;
But in some future time their flag unfurled,
Shall float above them, and a British sun
Shall warm this newest corner of its world;
And comrades' cheers with British bugles blent—
This, this shall be their greatest monument!

THE TWO TRANSPORTS

IDREAMT I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by—
With cheering men and flags a-fly.
It made me sigh—
And you know why, and I know why.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by—
Come in from sea so silently;
And this time I did more than sigh—
And you know why, and I know why.

